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Events of the Week.

THE character of the next stage of the war will largely be determined by the immediate future of the Russian offensive. General Brusiloff has carried his line forward, though not at the same rate upon every section. The most significant advances are those southwest of Dubno and from Bessarabia to Sniatyn. But whereas the latter involves only local readjustments, the former may mean a decision. Lemberg is the critical point for Austria. If our ally could seize that centre rapidly, Austria's immediate position would become almost beyond hope. Meanwhile, Italy has not yet passed the capital phase of the Austrian offensive, which still threatens the Val Sugna and its important railway line. But the Italians seem now to be holding, and as the Austrian reserves will probably be either on their way to Galicia, or regarded as detained for that area, they should be able to take advantage of the diversion. Verdun has no new significance, except that which characterizes a gambler's throws as his resources diminish. Russia has already brightened our outlook; though she may not greatly exceed her present contribution to our relief and our revived assurance of victory.

* * *

"ONE of the most brilliant feats accomplished in the war"—Mr. Asquith's phrase—aptly describes the Russian offensive and its present achievement. In prisoners and booty taken, it surpasses the German advance through Galicia last year. That its chances are not so great is not due to any inferiority in the strategy or tactics of our Ally, but depends solely upon the conformation of the front attacked. No section of the front open to Brusiloff's attack offered the chance of

turning a line such as that which this very general had flung over the Carpathians last year from a pivot on the Upper Dunajec. But, in its more restricted sense, a decision has already been gained by Brusiloff, since he must certainly have put out of action considerably more than a third of the troops opposed to him. He has taken 152,000 prisoners, and an extraordinary amount of booty; and has, of course, recovered much Russian and Austrian territory.

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FROM the Kovel railway to the Rumanian frontier the whole line has moved forward; but the advance varies between some forty miles in the Lutsk section to about five near Buczacz and Tarnopol. These two places represent the points of more dangerous thrusts; but not all of them. From Tarnopol to Buczacz is the critical sector for the defence, since that sector already has three railways for supply, and would speedily tap a fourth, fifth, and, with the junction of Stanislau, a sixth. The Austrians, after their first retirement, have rallied in this sector; but unless they can use it as the fulcrum for applying force north and south, it will be of no avail. To the south the Russians have got to Horodenka and Sniatyn. These two points mark the base of a triangle whose apex is Kolomea, a junction which gives on the more important junction of Stanislau. If the Russians reach Stanislau, it is impossible the sector to the north should hold out. Established in Sniatyn, the Russians are in a position from which a deadly blow can be struck at the heart of Bukovina, west of Czernowitz. Before this city our Ally has been fighting for some days; and the fact that the struggle continues so fiercely while he has thrown a line about three sides of it, and can hurl his shells into the city, is another proof that it is the spirit of the soldiers, and not modern mechanical defences, upon which a commander must ultimately rely.

* * *

IT is north of the Tarnopol-Buczacz sector that the Russian attack may have the greatest influence upon the war. The Austrian resistance north-west of Tarnopol is designed to check the Russian progress up the railway line which flows into the Dubno-Lemberg line. But the Russians have been far more successful in pressing down the main line from Dubno, and are already half-way to Brody. They are pushing ahead in the Lutsk salient, and the farther they can go in the direction of Torchin the greater the leverage they will bring to bear against the resistance before Brody. It is Lemberg upon which the real success of the advance turns, since installed in that centre the Russians could clear the whole of Eastern Galicia. There is no doubt that the enemy will do all in his power to check the movement in that direction, and so far as we can read the signs, it looks more probable that he will succeed. But Brusiloff is a skilful commander, and it is possible he may have his way. The advance upon Kovel cannot be disregarded by the enemy, and, threatened at so many points, he may weaken on them all. The next week or two will show.

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With the capture of Fort Vaux, the Germans took

from the French an observation post of great importance, but so far they have not been able to make full use of their success. The fort commanded the Vaux ravine, and with it access to the flank and rear of the Douaumont position. After the capture of the fort there was the customary pause, and then, upon Sunday, the attacks began again. Repeated infantry attacks were beaten back from Thiaumont, the main German objective; but at length the enemy gained a footing in the trenches on Hill 321, west of Thiaumont. The Germans are now within four miles of Verdun, which long since became a ruined and desolate place. The civilian population have gone, and the new German positions are so near the town that we can only admire the intrepidity of a command that can still go on exacting its full price for each step onwards, when withdrawal across the river would seem to be imperative before very long. The dragging out of this stage of the struggle is proof of the completeness of the French hold upon the situation.

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THE Canadians have recovered practically all the ground recently lost to the Germans in the Ypres salient. The German attack was made upon June 2nd over a front of nearly two miles between Hooge and the Ypres-Comines canal, and part of the ground taken was recovered last week. A great counter-attack was made upon Tuesday over about half the length of front, and it was pressed with the utmost gallantry. Heavy losses were inflicted upon the Germans, and the lost ground almost completely retaken. The despatch of General Haig seems to suggest a doubt as to whether the ground here will be held, and surely it is clear by this time that we have paid too much for the sentimental advantage of keeping this salient. If we must hold Ypres, we can at least withdraw from the nose of the salient, even if we are still unprepared or unwilling to defend it in the best possible way, *i.e.*, by a bold advance.

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THE Italians have not yet succeeded in decisively checking the Austrians. At the moment they seem to be holding, but this was the case in the earlier part of last week, and since then the Austrians have made headway in the most critical sector. The Italians have held firmly, not only with skill, but with great gallantry, the really critical and commanding avenues into Italy. These, Vals Lagarina and Sugna, have both road and railway. In between, where the advance has been pressed farthest forward, are narrow valleys, crumpled and cut-up ground, marked only by tracks or poor and infrequent roads. To inflict a serious blow upon our Ally, the Austrians therefore require to command one or both of the main avenues, and failing to secure these by direct attack, they have been trying to turn them.

* * *

THE blocking of the Austrians up Val Lagarina has been, in its way, as great an achievement as the French defence before Verdun. From the Sugna ridge to Mt. Pasubio the positions have held firm. Even the attempt to issue along the Rovereto-Schio road was stopped. The Austrians then tried to break the line of the Posina, hoping, if successful, to turn the position at Mt. Pasubio. This failed last week, and now the enemy has been trying to force his way eastward from Asiago to the Val Sugna. His chances of achieving this objective are dependent upon forcing the mountain rim to the south and east of Asiago or along the Val Frenzela, at the head of which stands the junction Valstagna, on the railway which threads the Val Sugna. The Frenzela route is controlled by Mt. Moletta, at present in Italian hands; but the Austrians have penetrated to Ronchi. With the distraction of the Russian offensive on their

minds, the Austrians are unlikely to be able to continue their pressure much longer, and there are signs that the Italians may have a counter-offensive in store for the psychological moment.

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THE Irish situation is very critical, but we hope it may develop on lines of settlement. The Government's policy has been communicated by Mr. Redmond to a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and is to be set before a Nationalist Convention. The Ulster Unionist Council has also been consulted, and at Sir Edward Carson's instance, has provisionally accepted the scheme. It is obviously and properly a temporary arrangement. The Home Rule Act is to be set up for the period of the war and for an interval after it, but it is not to apply to the six Ulster counties, in which a fair balance of Protestants and Catholics exists, or to Belfast or Londonderry. After the war an Imperial Conference is to be held to consider both the Irish question and the future government of the Empire, and the Dominions will be represented. It may be presumed, if the settlement goes through, that the hated rule of martial law will disappear and a general amnesty be proclaimed. This would be Nationalist Ireland's great gain, and we hope she will grasp it. But the "Dark Rosaleen's" eyes must be overcast so long as the shadow of the rebellion rests on them.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH's speech at Ladybank proved to be an ordinary review of the war by a great member of Parliament speaking to his constituents, and claiming a formal renewal of their thirty years' confidence. It contained only one announcement of importance, that calling for a settlement of the Irish question as part of an Imperial scheme under which "the fabric of the Empire will have to be re-fashioned." This appears to commit the Government to a plan of Imperial Federation under, we hope, the looser, rather than the tighter, bonds of unity. For the rest, Mr. Asquith paid a tribute to Lord Kitchener in the spirit of a close personal friend, applauded the Russian advance, declared that two more such "victories" as the Germans claimed to have won in the North Sea would leave them with no fleet "worth speaking of," and insisted that the critical result of the fight had been to re-establish and strengthen our command of the seas. He threw no light on the probable duration of the war, or the method or conditions of peace. On this last point there is, we think, a growing desire for information, not on detail, but on tendencies. All the countries engaged in the war ought to be supplied with material for thinking out the general outlines of a possible peace. Failing this, there will soon be an outcry—"What is all this dreadful slaughter about?"

* * *

THE Allies' Economic Conference has opened in Paris with the task before it of considering further commercial measures to promote success in war, transitional measures to meet the emergency of the passage from war to peace, and permanent measures to be taken during "peace"—for the advocates of "the war after the war" still use that word. As regards the second of these questions, with which the French are mainly concerned, the problem is chiefly to secure the immediate restoration of the occupied territories whose manufacturing resources the Germans are said to have ruined deliberately by the removal of machinery. Here the Allies will feel and work as one. But then they approach debatable ground.

* * *

On the third and most momentous question, the decisions of the Conference must be closely watched. Our Government is represented by two strong Protectionists,

one Protectionist firebrand, and one (rather doubtful) Free Trader. M. Briand's opening speech was full of language which Free Traders find meaningless, in which foreign trade is regarded as a kind of war, and Germans, because they bought and sold in France and elsewhere, are said to have imposed "economic slavery" on the world. It is hard to guess what view of exchange underlies such language. The Conference is largely attended by Japanese and Italian delegates, but Russia is taking no part in it. Happily, Mr. Asquith made it abundantly clear in advance that neither Parliament nor the Government can be bound by recommendations or suggestions which must in their nature be academic. And we are glad to see that both the "Temps" and the "Débats" appear to be hostile to the plan of dividing Europe between two Customs Unions of the Entente and the Alliance. The "Débats" emphasizes the obvious French interest against a three-class British tariff, with a low wall against Allies, a higher wall against neutrals, and the highest of all against Germany. We suspect the Europe of to-morrow will be far too poor to invest in Chinese walls.

* * *

THE Republican Convention, after a somewhat quieter session than usual, has nominated Mr. Justice Hughes for the Presidency. None of his competitors approached him even in the first ballot, and the choice undoubtedly unites the party. It is a Progressive selection, for Mr. Hughes sprang into fame as an Anti-Trust lawyer, and is known for his rigid and consistent refusal to recognize the party "boss." He has been chosen, however, rather for his personality and his record than for his opinions. These are still largely a matter of conjecture, for, as a Judge of the Supreme Court, he had kept silence on politics. For public opinion he exists as a somewhat austere figure, who none the less possesses the gift of distinguished yet popular oratory. His exposure in the courts and in public inquiries of one corporation after another, made him the redoubtable champion of public interests against the trusts. His administration as Governor of New York State made a famous record for cleanhandedness and efficiency.

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For the moment the choice of Mr. Hughes rallies the whole Republican Party, heals the Progressive split, and makes a straight fight between the Republican and the Democrat. Mr. Roosevelt was nominated by the Progressive Convention, but at once announced that he will not stand. This was taken to mean that he would support Mr. Hughes, but the quality and quantity of his support will probably depend on Mr. Hughes's own utterances. So far, while he has condemned the "weakness" of Mr. Wilson in the European and Mexican questions, and declared for "preparedness," he has said nothing which compares with the direct demands of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root for war. On the contrary, he has received an amount of support from the German element which has caused alarm to his friends and given rejoicing to his opponents. The probability is that each candidate will take the field under the opposite pressure of their extreme wings, Mr. Roosevelt supplying in the one camp the warlike "ginger" and Mr. Bryan the pacifist spur in the other. These influences will seem to differentiate the attitude of two candidates who as yet are not far apart.

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WHILE the Germans are publishing in the "Lustige Blaetter" highly imaginative cartoons of the naval battle off Jutland, showing a majestic line of German

steamers threading its way through the gap in our blockade, the Russians are proving that even the Baltic is unsafe. A large convoy, in charge of armed trawlers and the auxiliary cruiser "Herman," was crossing the Baltic upon Tuesday night when it was attacked by a small Russian patrol of torpedo-boats. The fight was brief and sharp. Two of the escorting vessels "of the torpedo-boat type" were sunk, and with them the auxiliary cruiser. The crew of the latter were rescued. Several of the trawlers were severely damaged, and only escaped being sunk by fleeing to Swedish territorial waters. The incident is small but significant. It can bring no consolation to the Germans, whose only chance of commerce is in the Baltic.

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THE Italian Ministry has fallen as the result of a hostile vote in a debate on the critical military situation. Signor Salandra seems to have irritated the House by some words which were taken as a reflection on the military chiefs, and in general he has paid the penalty for his refusal to broaden the basis of his Ministry and for his neglect of the arts which conciliate Parliamentary groups and the press. His only colleague of distinction, Baron Sonnino, is still more defiantly aloof. It is hard to say what the crisis means in its bearing on Italy's place in the Entente. Signor Salandra from the first proclaimed the policy of what he called "sacro egoismo," and political programmes are rarely so faithfully executed as this has been. The victorious Opposition was much too composite to give any meaning to the hostile vote other than general dissatisfaction. It must be borne in mind that the majority in both houses is still Giolittian, and that from Signor Giolitti's standpoint a war against Austria, but not against Germany, is the next best course after neutrality. None the less, the omens point to the construction of a more distinguished and broader Ministry under the veteran Signor Boselli, who is far from being a neutralist. The really powerful figure in the new Government, however, will be Signor Bissolati, the Socialist "reformer," a man of fine personality, great energy, and a strong friend of the Entente and of this country.

* * *

THE declaration of a "pacific blockade" against Greece, qualified by some merciful laxity for the entrance of food supplies, marks a further stage in the masterful handling to which that little State has been subjected. No official explanation has been issued, and while some rumors suggest that the Allies have demanded the demobilization of the Greek Army and the holding of fresh elections, it is also possible that the intention was mainly to express the anger of the Entente at the conduct of Greece in allowing the Bulgarians to occupy Fort Rupeli, which commands the road up the Struma to Bulgaria. If this is the case, it really amounts to pressure on Greece to force her to enter the war on the Allied side. She has taken an attitude of passivity from the first towards all comers, and her yielding (after a formal resistance) to the Bulgarian entry, is in line with all her conduct since M. Venezelos fell. The Greeks might reply to our remonstrances that our command knew, or ought to have known, the value of these positions, and it might have occupied them itself at any time in the last nine months. Greece has played a contemptible part in this whole affair, but the Entente has its own reputation to consider; the meanness of our victim should not cause us to depart from our own standards of international conduct. The King has now demobilized half the army.

Politics and Affairs.

"THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF THE EMPIRE."

THE mood which bids us look forward to the day after peace is signed for the opening of an era of constitutional reconstruction is the best proof of the vitality of our civilization under the shocks of war. The more we look forward to-day, as the proposed Irish compromise bids us, to these tasks, and the more our rulers are pledged to undertake them, the better shall we be armed against the lassitude and distractions of a new time. A nation does not always live with its bow bent, and there is a risk that peace might find us disposed, in the reaction after years of emotional and physical strain, to postpone big issues, and take a long holiday from public duty.

It is well that before this time of relaxation and unbending comes, the pledges should be given which will forbid us to postpone too long the larger tasks of reconstruction. Some of them have their direct bearing on the world's future peace. A move towards restricted trade, and the ordering of our intercourse by the hatreds of this war, would, on the one hand, be the sure preparation for future strife. A bold move towards the federation of the Empire and the organization of the democratic control of our foreign policy, would, on the contrary, give the impulse towards similar steps in other countries. Democracy is an international idea, and its advance moves across frontiers in broad waves. The biggest step towards European peace would be the complete democratization of Germany, and in particular the reform of the Prussian Three-Class franchise. Every step which we take will hearten the reformers in Germany, as every step which they take will prepare the way for the obliteration of the bitter past. The same thing is true of Russia, which is burdened with a franchise system based on the Prussian model. The future of nationality in Europe depends mainly on the adoption of federalism by Russia and Austria. The obstacle to it is the dread of the centralizing bureaucratic mind that federalism means weakness. If we adopt it, we may do something to set a general fashion of regarding it, on the contrary, as a guarantee and proof of strength. Side by side with these older constitutional problems we would place the political emancipation of women. That also is an international idea, and our adoption of it may set the model for Europe. An exhausting war is commonly followed by a world-wide period of reaction. It lies with our will to break that tradition.

For the moment, the most arresting aspect of the Imperial Conference which is to meet "immediately after the war to consider the future government of the Empire"—or, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, to "re-fashion" its "fabric"—is the promise that it shall deal with the Irish question. That the whole Empire should be called in to advise on the settlement of one of our domestic questions is a novel, but also a proper, departure. There are more Irishmen outside Ireland than within it, and neither their voices nor those of the colonists of British origin are the voices of outsiders, indifferent to our concerns. It is only candid to add that we welcome this consultation with the less hesitation because we know the verdict in advance. The Dominions have always urged Home Rule. Their help will be especially valuable by

reason of the experience which all of them have had in the construction and working of federal institutions. For before these islands can take their place in an Empire reconstructed for self-government, we must solve our own problem of devolution. The United Kingdom, if it is to take its place side by side with the Dominions, as the greatest unit in a federal empire, must acquire a constitution somewhat similar to theirs. That raises, not merely the question of devolution, and the provision for Wales and Scotland of some measure of Home Rule, but also the question of the Upper House; and each of these questions includes, both for men and women, a franchise issue.

The obstacle to any federal constitution is often the reluctance of the central Government to abandon any of its powers. That is the Russian case. The obstacle in our case is rather the reluctance of the units to surrender any of their powers to an Imperial body. The Dominions are, in fact, more nearly independent allies than colonies. They possess and exercise the right to levy tariffs, even on the trade of the Mother Country; they have full control of their own armed forces, including even their navies, where these exist. Their share in bearing the financial cost of Imperial Defence has been very small, and it has taken the form rather of the occasional gift of a great warship, than of any regular assessment. They handle every question which affects the citizens of other parts of the Empire by legislation at their own discretion, and we are not sure whether they would agree to lay the subject of Indian immigration, for example, before an Imperial Conference, as we are laying the Irish question. The Privy Council, by its Judicial Committee, retains its authority in purely legal matters, while the whole Foreign Policy of the Empire is centralized in our Foreign Office. But these are the only formal and effective bonds of Empire, and neither of them is democratic.

The true federal system, such as the United States and the German Empire possess, would include at the least as its province the management of tariffs, defence, inter-State questions (like emigration), and foreign affairs. For some consultative organ for the interchange of ideas in all these questions there will certainly be a demand, but we question whether any unit of the Empire is prepared to consider seriously the surrender of its autonomy in any of these questions save the last. Circumstances might, for example, conceivably induce every unit of the Empire, one after the other, of their own motion to adopt permanent compulsory service or training, though we hope, on the contrary, that a League of Peace will make it unnecessary for any of them. But we are quite sure that neither we nor the Colonies would accept conscription imposed by any Imperial Legislature. The case is even clearer as regards tariffs. Neither the Dominions nor the United Kingdom is ever likely to surrender the tariff-making power to a common Legislature. Agreements there may be from time to time for some common policy, but the variety of economic conditions in the Empire is too great to permit any part of it to surrender its autonomy. Colonies which live by the export of food and raw material will never submit to be outvoted by the representatives of a country which lives by manufacture; and the converse is equally true. The creation of a genuine Zollverein (comparable to the American or German models) lies, if anywhere, in the far distance; but if ever it comes, it will be by treaty and negotiation, and then by separate acts of local legislation. For a generation at least, the inequality of population between the mother-country and the Dominions must stand in the way of the creation of real representative government, exercising the power

to tax or conscript. We doubt if the Dominions would consent to be outvoted at every turn by the British delegation, if its numbers were based on population, nor could we be asked to accept the fiction of equality which governs (and commonly nullifies) international assemblies. Where, moreover, in such an assembly, would India stand? It could not be ignored, but on any basis of population it would swamp all the rest of the Empire.

It is not a helpful task to dwell too long upon the difficulties, where the sentiment of unity exists. It has been immensely strengthened by this war. The valor, the endurance, and the superb self-sacrifice of the Australians and Canadians, who have given their best blood at Gallipoli and Ypres, make an unanswerable demand, which we must somehow satisfy, for the inclusion of the Dominions in the councils of the Empire. Alert democracies will rush unquestioning at the call of spiritual and physical kinship to the aid of the motherland in peril; but when the cool mood of peace returns, the fathers and mothers of these young men will ask for guarantees that the future policy of the Empire, whether by diplomacy or by defence, shall be so conducted that the need for such tragic sacrifice shall not recur. The current talk to-day is too much of securing safety by arms or (worse still) by exclusive trading. The saner and broader mood will return in which men understand that it is on policy that safety chiefly depends. In the control of that policy the Dominions may ask for a share, and no one among us would give a niggardly reply. Questions of trade, tariffs, and defence may best be managed, perhaps, by periodical conferences, more frequent and more business-like than those of the past. It may even be necessary to set up standing councils, on which the Agents of the Dominions would serve. But we question whether these councils can in our day become Legislative bodies. Their function will be to recommend policies which the several Parliaments may adopt or reject. The growth of any closer federation must depend, we think, on the readiness of the Dominions to tax themselves voluntarily for Imperial purposes on a scale which approaches our burden in this country. When that point is near, the chief obstacle to federation will be gone. To force it now might be to revert to the tradition of Bunker's Hill.

The more urgent and the easier question is, we think, the admission of the Dominions to the control of foreign policy. An arrangement by which their agents or representatives might meet the Foreign Secretary periodically in Council might satisfy their requirements, but it would leave ours untouched. We also require a Foreign Affairs Committee (somewhere between the French and American models), which will bring varied sections of opinion into close and confidential association with our diplomacy. A reconstituted Upper House might serve to link these two requirements. If representatives of the Dominions and of India sat in a reformed Upper House, and if the Foreign Affairs Committee were a joint delegation from both Commons and Senate, we should have created an authoritative Council for the Empire's external policy. To turn the House of Lords into an Imperial Chamber might, in the end, be a good solution of more than one of our Constitutional problems. To some common Council for a World's League of Peace we look forward with President Wilson. The Dominions must share the determination of our voice within it. Its success will depend in great measure on the ability of the Empires which support it to democratize their own institutions. This League cannot be based on the old broken structure of close, secret, and unrepresentative diplomacy. It will stand securely only on a democratic platform.

HOPES AND FEARS IN IRELAND.

It is an error of our nation to suppose that great political errors can be committed without paying for them. A few weeks ago we had our grand opportunity in Ireland, and lost it. A few hundred Irishmen rose against a Government whose effort in a European war was being supported by about a quarter of a million of their countrymen.* The revolt, criminally reckless in origin, but redeemed by courage and nobility of bearing in its leaders, was almost immediately crushed, and added no perceptible weight to the burdens and perils of the war. The course of the British Government was then clear. It had been over-tender to the Ulster rebels, the true begetters of the Southern revolt, and over-slow to give Home Rule, the promise of which hung dubiously on a Coalition Government, containing four champions of Ulster. It should, therefore, have at once put military rule behind it, and issued a proclamation to the Irish people, embodying at once an act of clemency for the leaders of Sinn Fein and a solemn pledge of self-government. The advantage of this policy was that it would have caught Nationalist Ireland in an entirely acquiescent mood, for the rebellion was almost universally detested and condemned. England preferred Sir John Maxwell. It allowed this soldier to execute in cold blood, to deport and imprison on a wide scale, so as to involve many innocent with the guilty, and to set up a general reign of martial law. The revulsion of feeling in Nationalist Ireland was passionate and universal. Where there was one sympathizer with Sinn Fein on the day after the outbreak, there are probably ten to-day. The lesson was half-learned, and the Government, heading away from coercion, and recognizing that its rule was bankrupt, sought to wind up the dying concern with all haste. Mr. Lloyd George was called in to negotiate a temporary settlement. But Mr. George's difficulty is that the Constitutional movement has had a serious set-back, that the memory of Irish Nationalism has gone back in a flash to old incidents in the Anglo-Irish war, and that Irish America has been badly enflamed. Mr. George has, therefore, to deal, not merely with parties and factions, but with passions and sorrows, with men and women distressed, angered, and puzzled, with men having arms in their hands, with Nationalists doubtful about Constitutionalism, with Orangemen inclined to think that Nationalism has had a death-blow. Ireland has again a great political chance. But by the irony of her fate and the blunder of her governors she is not in a mood to seize it. When hope comes to her, it is in the poetic disguise of being too like despair.

This is Ireland—misunderstood Ireland. What is to be done with her? The general line of country is clear enough. Obviously, the Home Rule argument has been strengthened, not weakened, by the rebellion. Sinn Fein and Larkinism would not have risen against an Irish Administration. They rose because the people had begun to fear that such an Administration would never come. Now with the recalcitrancy of Ulster it is not possible to hope for an immediate application of Home Rule to all Ireland. It is possible to set up an immediate forecast of, and preparation for, Home Rule. The Government might have adopted the suggestion of a Central Administrative Council, chosen from the leaders of all the Irish parties, and replacing the Castle in most of its functions. The plan had distinct advantages. It would have brought old antagonists together, set them to work on common interests, and shown them that Ireland

* This is Mr. Hugh Law's estimate in the "Contemporary Review."

was in fact one in almost every affair of government that left religion out of account. The alternative, which has been adopted, is to bring in an amended Bill at once, recognizing the existing division between North and South, constituting the second unit as a governing centre, and leaving the North attached rather more closely than before to the British Power. There is to be a predominantly rural, Catholic, and Nationalist Ireland under a Parliament. There is to be a strictly English Administration of six Ulster counties, largely industrial, with a Protestant majority and a considerable Catholic minority. If the division which this scheme contemplates were to be permanent, we should regard it as an unqualified curse to Ireland. It cuts off Catholics from Protestants, the farm from the factory, the creditor from the debtor class. It narrows the choice of civil servants, restricts criticism, reduces the power of minorities, puts a pen round fanaticism, and makes for a poor, a petty, and an unprogressive Ireland. It is an utterly unworthy end to Ireland's long agony and her later conquests of British opinion, and no Irish statesman in his senses would accept it for a definite Constitution.

Happily, it is not so proposed. The scheme is temporary, a breathing space gained during the war. When that calamity is over, it opens a window on the future in the shape of a reference of the problem of Irish Government, and of the whole constitution of the Empire, to an Imperial Conference, at which the Dominions will be represented. This is Federalism, and Federalism has a pleasing sound to many Irish ears. If the Dominions come in to such an act of Empire-making, they come as centres of Home Rule, in which the Irish genius has long had full play. Ulster must, of course, acknowledge this condition, and bring her new makeshift into the common stock. We see the difficulties. Federalism presupposes a number of fixed units, and we must expect that Irishmen will say with force that they would rather bear the ills they have than enter such a Conference with the great asset of Irish oneness given away or diminished. The Government which the amended Home Rule Bill will set up cannot in any case be a good Government, and it will present a mould into which the scheme of the Imperial Conference may well be made to run. This is a risk of some magnitude, but the Nationalist has one or two substantial certainties to set against it. The scheme disposes of Ulster's argument of force, and irrevocably commits her and the British party at her back to the principle and the act of self-government for Ireland. Ulster could not be forced into union to-day; she may be able to thwart even the compelling influence of a Federal system to-morrow. But if this scheme becomes law, her power of obstruction is gone. She will have lost English Toryism, having already estranged the Liberal Party. She will present herself to the critical eyes of the Empire fixed in her ungenerous isolation, her obsolete and anti-national privilege.

That is a consideration which we believe will prevail if the Government has the wisdom to abolish martial law, and proclaim or promise a general amnesty, and if Ireland on both sides of the Boyne will disarm. But it is useless to cut Ireland into two if Ulster calls for a permanent division. Nationalist Ireland will in that case prefer to keep her powder dry, and maybe, if the Colonies are to come in, to enlarge her demand to that of Colonial Home Rule. There is, indeed, a third possibility. The Home Rule Act is capable of more than one form of amendment. Ulster could get her security by stopping out, but she can also obtain it by coming in, with a power of veto exercised on

the floor of a Dublin Parliament. This might be achieved without sacrificing the integrity of Ireland, by converting the representative peers into a Second Chamber, and giving them a veto on unfair legislation and taxation for the limited period of the new settlement, or by bestowing some such powers on a committee of Ulster members of the Chamber established under the Home Rule Act. These are not methods of democracy, and the structure they would stand for would disappear under the reforming hand which Mr. Asquith would apply to the "fabric" of the Empire. But if Nationalist Ireland insists on keeping her "fabric" intact for the day of reconstruction, she and Ulster might still find here a common ground of adjustment. The way seems to us to open out to freedom by more than one track, and it is our and Ireland's interest to take one of them, if only to provide an escape from the disgrace and peril of the no-government that we call martial law.

THE ARGUMENT FOR THE OFFENSIVE.

THE aspect of the war has changed with dramatic suddenness. A fortnight ago, apart from the new-born mystery of the fleet action, there seemed nothing in the fighting to awaken any strong emotion. Enthusiasm was beyond us; and we had passed dismay. The imagination ceased to respond to the reiterated thrills of Verdun, and wholly missed the glamor of the struggle for Venetia. In the main areas of the war we seemed to be still in that apparently endless vista of holding actions or nibbling advances. Suddenly the Russian armies south of the Pripet began to move, the Germans struck at the Ypres salient and tried an offensive north of the Pripet. All the main fronts appear to be involved in a fiercer strife than at any other period of the war.

The perceptible increase of fierceness in the fighting on the Western front cannot fail to affect us. But it is not that which has for nearly a fortnight caught and held the imagination of Europe. General Brusiloff, who not long ago succeeded the famous Ivanoff in command of the armies south of the Pripet, has set his forces in motion. His troops have for months held a line to the Roumanian frontier that in all its turnings must be little short of 350 miles. They had made some desultory attempts last December to advance the line, particularly in the Bukovina region; but the results were so small that the Austrians came to rely upon the impotence of their enemy, and blithely set out for another of their historic raids into northern Italy. When they were fully committed to this adventure, and when Hindenburg's reserves had been considerably depleted to satisfy the claims of Verdun, General Brusiloff opened up his offensive. Marked by the greatest skill in conception and execution, it has already won a great success.

The blow fell at the same moment upon several sections of the long front. The chief thrust was aimed at Lutsk, the westernmost of the Velhynian fortresses, and it was captured in the first week of the offensive. The second thrust was directed against the important junction Stanislau, which involved a greater stride forwards. Already in these two areas the advance has been marked. The Austrian lines, fortified with skill and defended by barbed wire of great thickness and considerable depth, have been torn open, and through the rents the Russian cavalry have poured on to the lines of communication. The number of prisoners now taken amounts to over 150,000, and this must mean a total casualty list of at least 300,000. The Russians have recovered Dubno, have pressed on towards Kovel, and are fighting in the

suburbs of Czernowitz. And an immense amount of booty has been taken. So brilliant, indeed, is the movement that we turn instinctively to speculate on its continuance and ultimate implications. Count Bothmer is at present firmly holding his own before Buczacz and Tarnopol. These are both important links in the front, and the Austrians hope to redeem the situation by the leverage of these centres. On the other hand, the force which is making good headway towards Stanislau and Kolomea will, if it goes on, compel the evacuation of the Buczacz position; and similarly Tarnopol is threatened by the Lutzk advance. This, if it can be pressed, will drive a wedge between the Austrians and Germans; and if that were achieved at this stage of the war it is difficult to think of the end as far off. Within the next ten days it is almost certain we shall know whether the effects of this great Russian operation will be merely immediate, though very great, or of final importance. General Brusiloff was the commander of the army in the meteoric advance through Galicia in 1914. He has among his subordinates many first-rate commanders, and his troops, who went forward at the word of command as though shot from a bow, are splendid material. They have stormed positions defended with every hideous device of modern warfare. They have rushed across ground covered with spiked pits, clambered over barbed wire and concrete parapets. With ample munitions, they should go far.

But already they have achieved much in their onset. They have proved beyond any doubt that entrenched lines can be breached, that the throwing of cavalry through the gaps is sound tactics, and that victory may be bought in two markets. We have been content on the Western front to remain chiefly on the defensive. If that strategy had points in its favor in the early part of the war, it is hard to see its cogency now. It will be remembered that the Marne was an Allied offensive when the disparity between our resources of all sorts and those of the enemy was at its greatest. For nine months now we have been content with another rôle. We have been restricted to the defensive on the main fronts, even though the effect has been to give the initiative to the enemy. All the time we have been convinced that our strength lay in the careful correlation of our plans; yet we have adopted a strategy the effect of which has been simply the abandonment of the theory. It needed no extraordinary intuition to show that by inaction we allowed the enemy to select his front and attack in force, starving another front or section of the front of reserves with complete impunity. We allowed him to bring up his heavy guns and range them with care, though we knew full well that under their fire almost any position could be made untenable except at heavy loss. We withdrew when compelled. We had lost the men, we had lost the position, we had lost *moral* by our retreat, we had lost our munitions in defence. What had we gained? We hoped we had gained by a slight disparity in the losses.

Is it not possible that this strategy is fundamentally wrong? The Russians claim that the Austrians have lost far more heavily than themselves, and in the face of 150,000 prisoners, we find no difficulty in believing it. But in addition to this they have gained ground, improved their position, secured huge stores of munitions; and sent throughout their armies that infectious thrill that doubles their power in action. Our defensive strategy has been justified by many reasons. We had not a sufficiency of munitions. But if Germany attacks us, we are compelled to find them somewhere, or suffer for our deficiency. We had not enough heavy guns. But if we have not them now, when shall we have them? We

must have as many as Russia, compared with the relative lengths of front we hold. We do not need to have an unlimited number of them, nor unlimited ammunition for them. There is no necessity to break through the whole of the line. If a fairly large gap is made in two or three places, the Dunajec battle and the present Russian offensive show us that the rest of the line can be turned.

If we adopted a bold offensive, the disparity in heavy guns would cease to be felt as soon as the enemy were made to move. These great guns are immobile, and an army which is on the move under pressure of another loses the use of them to a very great extent. If we attack and throw the enemy back, we stand to rob him of a most important part of his resources. We do not necessarily need to use a greater supply of munitions than we at present allow him to compel us to use in defence. And we stand to make those gains which at present we permit him to make. We force him to act on the defensive. We filch his *moral* by every yard of ground we gain. We fight where he is weakest, and not where we are. At present we are allowing him to attack us at a place where we labor under the gravest disadvantage, in a salient which we hold against every military reason, because sentiment has taken root in that ruined town. Could we lose more by an energetic offensive at one of the many favorable points of the German front? We think not, and we feel that Russia has efficiently pointed our case.

THE DARKNESS IN AMERICA.

SELDOM, if ever, have the great National Conventions in America got through their business of selecting party champions for the Presidential chair with such celerity and unanimity. Events have gone strictly according to programme. There have been no surprises, except apparently for Mr. Roosevelt, who seems to have kept to the last moment a firm belief in the possibility of his nomination by the Republican Convention. As matters stand, it looks as if that volcanic personality had submitted to an act of self-suppression. For though he has not declined the invitation which the Progressive Party accorded him by acclamation, each day of the exercise of suspensory discretion will make it more difficult to break in upon the fight. Nothing but some early fatal error of tactics on the part of Mr. Hughes is likely to bring the Bull Moose party into the fray. It is more probable that Mr. Roosevelt will act as the gadfly of preparedness in the flanks of Republicanism, while Mr. Bryan will act as the drag of pacifism on the Democratic Party. To both men self-suppression, in the strict sense of the word, is for any length of time impossible, and the goading and dragging policy is certain to cause much confusion in party discipline before next November.

Meanwhile, two men of powerful intellect, high principles, and unsullied record, stand forth as the accepted candidates of the two great parties, the finest formal testimony to the working of American democracy that recent history has afforded. It is, indeed, a striking tribute to the character and status of Mr. Wilson that the tacticians of the Republican party should have taken the unprecedented step of choosing his opponent from the only body in the land which can be said to command the reverence of the nation—the Supreme Court. But when we pass from these interesting personalities to consider the meaning of the contest and its probable issue, we enter a region of darkness and confusion. For the past record and principles of the two parties are of little relevancy in speculating on a game in which the two

chief counters are such words as "preparedness" and "Americanism." For though Mr. Roosevelt was the first to make strong running with these phrases, both of the present candidates are committed to them, and must expend vast lung efforts in putting inspiration and enthusiasm into them. In first taking up "preparedness," Mr. Wilson did, indeed, find himself slightly embarrassed by the traditional objection of Democrats to invest the federal government with strong military power. But these historical relics of State self-sufficiency, both in respect of defence and of industrial control, are doomed to oblivion in the new conditions of the party struggle. It may be safely assumed that no division of programme will arise in regard to the necessity of immediate committal to a strong national army and navy. The unanimity of all sections of opinion in the Eastern States will demand this pronouncement. On the other hand, both candidates will be under strong political pressure to avoid the blatant note of Mr. Roosevelt's utterances, and to emphasize the purely defensive and pacific purpose of "preparedness." On this matter, as in the interpretation of "Americanism," Mr. Hughes has a certain advantage as a newcomer into the controversy. Mr. Wilson's identification with the objects and methods of the League to Enforce Peace commits him, not merely to a wider meaning of Americanism, but to a policy of active military and naval co-operation with European Powers in certain eventualities.

Now, it is all very well for Mr. Wilson to assert, as he did this week at West Point, that his "preparedness" is not "militarism." But he will find it difficult to allay the suspicions of the "plain citizen" in the Middle-West, who, whatever be his party adhesion, stands for peace at almost any price. Indeed, such men will find in Mr. Wilson's speech passages which come very near in phrasing to the "stand for righteousness" with which Mr. Roosevelt has familiarized them. "We are ready to join with the other nations of the world in seeing that the kind of justice in which we believe prevails everywhere." This open announcement of the entrance of the United States into the society of nations, and its identification with the larger and higher conception of Americanism, is indeed an event of great importance for the world. Whether it wins him the support of the American electorate will, however, depend largely upon the rapidity with which the American people can be educated into a response to this novel appeal. For its idealism will appear to many to carry heavy risks and to imply a dangerous severance from the past. If, as seems certain, Mr. Wilson will strive to raise enthusiasm upon the high level of this appeal to America to follow her international destiny, it seems likely that the Republicans will be driven to a more or less consistent reliance upon the narrower spirit of nationalism. The powerful place Protection still occupies in the programme and affections of the party will reinforce this tendency. Economic "self-containedness" will take for its natural ally political and military "self-containedness." Though history may often seem to play fast and loose with logic, it will be very difficult for a Protectionist party, controlled and financed by great business interests, to enter the path of political or military internationalism. While, therefore, not a few of the strong political supporters of Mr. Hughes, such as Mr. Taft himself, have committed themselves to the more disinterested policy, we hardly expect to find Mr. Hughes making a definite pronouncement in its favor. He will be under strong pressure to give a narrower interpretation to "Americanism" and "preparedness," which in the West may conciliate Republican pacifist opinion by suggestions of security, and in the

East may play into the hands of the big businesses interested in running "preparedness" for all it is worth. For whatever the innocent Westerner may believe, the Eastern steel, shipbuilding, and munition magnates will well understand that a narrowly national preparedness means a larger army and a more expensive navy than the international participation for which Mr. Wilson stands.

Of the wider economic significance of "preparedness" in such a country as America, where all the fundamental industries of transport and communications in which State control is essential to military economy, remain in private hands, very little is heard at present. But a real campaign upon preparedness must bring out into the open the questions of national control of railways, telegraphs, express companies, and steel corporations. It is inconceivable that the Republican Party, under any sort of pressure from the Progressives, would seriously commit themselves to such an enterprise. The fear of raising these new business issues will tend to keep both party programmes to high-sounding rhetoric. One other somewhat disconcerting tendency has already appeared—the disposition of the Republicans to angle for the hyphenated vote. It is, indeed, impossible to impute to Mr. Hughes genuinely pro-German sentiments or to suppose that he or his party would avow a policy of "neutrality" favorable to German contentions. But it is likely enough that they should employ every mode of reticence and tact calculated to win the support that the Government has definitely lost. The pro-German press appears to have adjusted itself at once to this situation, whether from feelings of hope or merely of revenge we cannot tell. Indeed, the loud professions of their favor must be somewhat embarrassing to a party which comprises among its stout supporters in the East the majority of educated men known to be strongly pro-Ally in their sentiments. A general tentative survey of the situation would seem highly favorable to Mr. Wilson's success in the campaign. For though the election four years ago showed a united Republican and Progressive vote largely superior to that which elected Mr. Wilson, it is impossible to suppose that the size of the new issues have not effected great changes in opinion. In spite of devious diplomacy, Mr. Wilson has scored a definite success in the submarine controversy. Americans do not want to enter the war, unless some fresh outbreak of German frightfulness compels them. In the event of such an early outbreak, the whole country would support Mr. Wilson in coming in, and would not be likely to displace him in the hour of emergency. So, whether America stands out or is drawn in, the chances appear to onlookers favorable for Mr. Wilson.

THE STATE AS PUBLICAN.

THE announcement that the Liquor Control Board has decided to take into its own hands the sale, supply, and manufacture of liquor in the City of Carlisle and its immediate neighborhood will command the attention of all students of one of the most urgent and difficult of social problems. The Board does not seem to have decided on this step from any *a priori* opinion in favor of nationalization; for, though it has been in existence for over a year, and has brought more than three-fourths of the population of Great Britain within the sphere of its operations, it has only taken over the ownership of some sixty licensed premises in three small areas directly concerned with the manufacture of munitions or with the naval forces of the crown—at Gretna, at Enfield Lock, and on the arm of the sea in the North

of Scotland which forms the base of the Grand Fleet. It appears to have been stirred to action at Carlisle merely by the necessity of making effective its ownership of public houses at Gretna, Annan, and Longtown, in the immediate neighborhood of the great Government Factory which has sprung into existence at the first of these places, transforming that quiet rural district into a busy and populous industrial centre. Carlisle is only eight miles from Gretna, and the large population of navvies and munition workers which has been attracted there has produced a great increase of drunkenness in the capital of Cumberland, which it has been found impossible to check under a system of private ownership. But though the Board has, perhaps so far as some of its members go, rather drifted into than aimed at a large scheme of State ownership, its action will be watched with special interest and hopefulness by those who hold, as we have always held and urged, that no final or satisfactory solution of the drink problem can be reached so long as the manufacture and sale of liquor remain in private hands.

The Board appears to be dealing with the question, so far as Carlisle is concerned, on broad and comprehensive lines. No private interest in the sale and supply of liquor or in the brewing of beer is to be allowed to remain in the area. All the licensed premises, both on and off, some three hundred in number, or the licences which attach to them, are to be acquired. The supply of liquor in clubs is to come under the absolute control of the Board. The breweries are to be purchased. This is essential if the management of licensed houses is to be effective, for so long as brewers working for a profit continue to exist they will find means of making it worth while for the managers of those houses, who will in many cases be their former tenants or servants, to push the sale of their goods. No liquor is to be imported into the area except under the authority of the Board, and no one is to have any interest in increasing the consumption of liquor in the area. It is to be anticipated that both for police reasons and for the sake of economical administration, the number of licensed premises will be considerably reduced. There is scarcely a town in England in which, if the public-houses belonged to a single brewery company, their owners would not reduce their number by from a third to a half. It is also to be expected that, in the interests of economy of management and efficiency of administration, the breweries in the Carlisle district will be reduced to two or three. The amount of compensation to be paid falls to be decided by the Royal Commission presided over by Mr. Duke. But the Board is, we think, acting wisely in giving the owners of the breweries and licensed premises an opportunity of naming prices which, if found by its expert advisers to be reasonable, will be supported by the purchasing body before the Commission.

The problem of compensation is a thorny and difficult one, which has wrecked every attempt to deal with the licensing question in the past. But a National Government, taking into its own hands a lucrative monopoly, can afford to deal considerably with the large and widely diffused interests which have grown up through the expectation of continuity raised by the past policy of licensing administrators—an expectation which received, through Mr. Balfour's Licensing Act of 1904, the deliberate recognition of the legislature. The Treasury and the Royal Commission may be trusted to protect the taxpayer from extravagant or trumped-up claims. The circumstances of Carlisle, and the limitations of the rather hastily drafted Defence of the Realm Act, will probably not make the experiment a complete

working model in microcosm of how State ownership of the liquor trade would be brought about and would work if applied to the whole country. Mr. Herbert Samuel's Committee recommended last year that if the trade were bought out, the interests of various classes of brewery shareholders should be separately acquired at their market value. In this way the anomaly of debenture stock holders with a first charge on the undertakings receiving more than the value of their stock in the open market, while ordinary shareholders received correspondingly less, would have been avoided. For such a procedure, legislation would be necessary, and presumably there is no likelihood of time being found for it at present. But, from inquiries we have made, it would appear that the amount of debenture stock in the Carlisle breweries is small, and, in at least one case, it is almost ripe for redemption.

The management and control of the Trade by a War Emergency Body like the Liquor Control Board, must necessarily differ in some respects from its management under the permanent central organization which would be required if the manufacture and sale of liquor through the whole of the country were vested in the State. The management of the breweries would in that case be national. Their number and situation would be regulated solely by considerations of business efficiency, convenience of administration, and ease of transit. The units of brewery administration would not coincide with the areas in which local control would operate. The latter would presumably follow the areas of local administration for municipal or licensing purposes. But it is of the utmost importance that even under the limiting conditions of the Carlisle experiment, principles should be embodied which will save it from disaster, and which are capable, with necessary modifications, of being applied hereafter in a larger scheme.

Under war conditions large changes in the *personnel* of administration are not immediately possible. Many of the existing license holders are no doubt men of experience and capacity, and deprived as they will be of any interest in pushing the sale of liquor, there is no reason why they should not prove useful and efficient servants of the State. Similarly, a considerable proportion of the brewery directors and managers may also find employment for their skill and experience in the service of the Board. But business knowledge and experience of management must be made definitely subordinate to policy, and the Board must not delegate to its business staff any of those powers of control which it is of supreme importance it should retain in its own hands. The control of a trade which has always been regarded by the State as a dangerous one, involves a considerable departure from ordinary business methods. In many respects, the objects of control are directly the opposite of those which business considerations would prompt. These objects can only be attained by effecting a substantial reduction in the present excessive consumption of alcohol, whereas the natural tendency of business men producing or retailing a commodity, even if they are paid by salaries not directly dependent on profits, is to stimulate demand, and push trade. The Board itself must also be preserved from degenerating into a bureaucracy by the stimulus of constant and independent criticism. For this reason among others, a local advisory committee, the organ and exponent of the public opinion of the neighborhood, with full powers of suggestion and recommendation, is a necessary part of any successful scheme. We are glad to see that such a committee has already been set up in the Gretna district, and that two local ladies have found a place on it. It may be advisable to give the local authorities some direct representation

on such a committee; but in no event must the municipality or the local ratepayer be allowed any share in the profits of the trade, which should go straight into the National Exchequer.

The position of the Licensing Authorities under the new scheme is one of considerable importance. We should be disposed to leave them the powers of licensing the managers of licensed premises, of closing unsuitable or badly-conducted houses in addition to those closed by the Board, of diminishing the hours of sale, possibly of controlling structural alterations, and of making recommendations as to the conduct of the trade in the neighborhood, which need not necessarily be adopted, but which should be assured of careful and sympathetic consideration. The Licensing Authorities of the country have, on the whole, done their work fairly well, considering the very limited powers Mr. Balfour's Act of 1914 has left to them. They are protected by their legal constitution from any direct influence by the liquor trade. They are, speaking generally, in advance of, rather than behind, the average opinion of their neighborhood on questions of licensing reform; moreover, unless their co-operation and goodwill are secured beforehand they may be formidable opponents of any general measure for establishing State ownership.

But it is not merely on the negative side of restriction and limitation that the experiment of public management will be closely watched. The country will expect to see in Carlisle reformed public-houses dispensing food as well as drink under attractive and hygienic conditions. The consumption of solid refreshments should go up and the consumption of alcohol should go down. Efforts should be made to accustom the public to lighter beers and to discourage the undue consumption of spirits. The State ownership of the public-house is not mainly or chiefly an experiment in collectivism; nor is it merely the resumption by the nation of a monopoly which it never ought to have allowed to pass into private hands. It is an opportunity for gradually educating our people into habits of sobriety and self-control, which are, indeed, necessary for the successful prosecution of the present war, and are no less essential to their equipment for the longer and more difficult task of building up a new and better social order on the return of peace.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

LONDON would have it that the French came to last week's War Council in a doubting or critical mood. Nothing can be further from the truth. The military tone was high and confident. Verdun is a greater name than ever in French history, and now it will be written across all the defeats of 1870. The Frenchmen, indeed, like all the soldiers and all the statesmen, are waiting the "military event." But looking across and beyond it, civilians who know and govern the situation begin to think that peace may not be very far off. I had three such opinions this week. All looked to peace within five or six months. In Germany, so far as one can gather, a similar expectation is in the air. There seems indeed to be a definite division of opinion. An uncompromising war-to-the-end party exists, associated with von Hindenburg and von Tirpitz. The countering Moderates centre in the Chancellor, who, in his turn, is thought to retain the support of the Kaiser. What settlement does this latter group contemplate? Not,

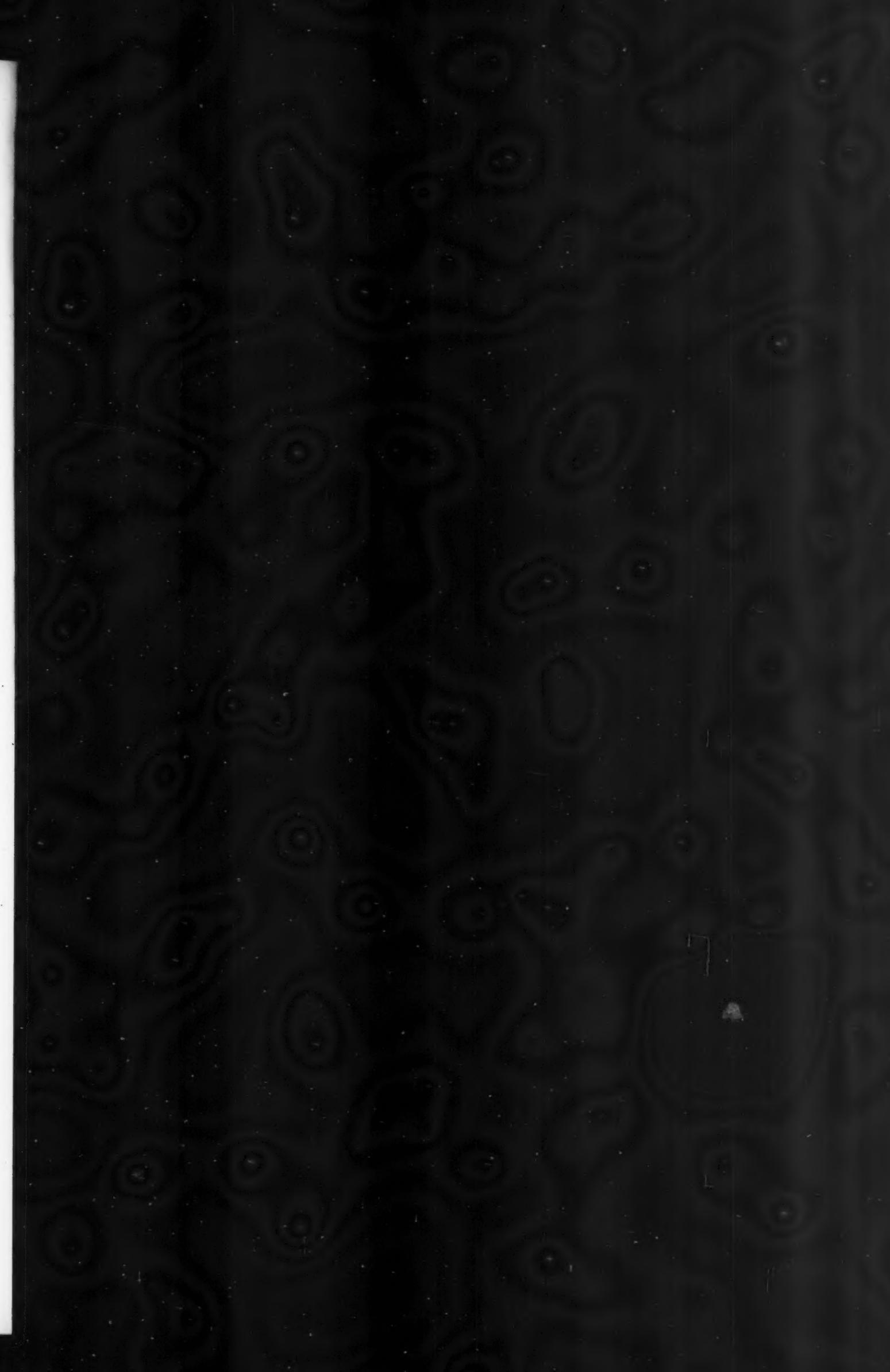
I believe, the retention of Belgium. Does the military party look for this? Again one can only report a saying of Hindenburg, "We have a brilliant present, but no future," as suggesting that the idea of virtual deadlock is not far from the real calculations of German soldier-statesmanship.

But, alas, Europe is so inexpressive. Peace, the passionately desired, cannot arrive till some at least of the material uncertainties of the hour, in which we grope, are dispelled. Negatively, indeed, false conceptions, like the dismemberment of the German States, gradually disappear. But their positive alternative, which is that of a reign of security under guarantees that are political rather than territorial, is not being threshed out as it ought to be. One cannot but wish that Sir Edward Grey, who especially embodies this view, would begin to expand and analyze it. His lead would be followed elsewhere, and then we might begin to talk of such means and instruments as a Conference. Why not?

THOSE who report of Ireland are not over-sanguine of settlement. Mr. Devlin found strong opposition from his supporters in Ulster, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor's report was not brilliant. The grand obstacle is Sir John Maxwell. Settlement is the way of getting rid of martial law. But martial law keeps Ireland too passionately resentful to be in the mood for settlement. Her ears are full of stories—of the calm bearing of the boys who were shot, their saintliness, their simplicity, the rigor of their confinement, the horrible tales of North King Street and the Skeffington trial. Had the executions been stayed, her judgment would have been absolutely different; but now constitutionalism has been shocked and stunned out of the Irish imagination, and the romanticism of Sinn Fein has taken its place. The Convention may break away from Mr. Redmond. The Catholic Church no longer runs with official Nationalism, and her vote is not likely to be for acceptance. But hope should by no means be abandoned. The stake is so tremendous—for Ireland, through America, almost holds the issue of the war in her hands—that we ought to play boldly for it. But there is one leading card, and that is the withdrawal of martial law.

"THE strategy and tactics of the Battle of Jutland," said an Admiral to me, "will become as famous as those of Trafalgar." Both are being closely canvassed. The view of the fleet is the enthusiastic one that the battle was finely fought, and that the results were at least as large as the more optimistic of the Admiralty reports declared them to be. And that I believe to be a general professional judgment. In gunnery, the handling of the ships, the spirit and efficiency of the men, there is but one opinion—and that is that the Germans were completely outmatched. The dissentient school finds itself on the point of tactics, and (on the theory of an arranged battle) thinks that the engagement began over-soon, and that the Germans should have been drawn, if possible, rather further north, so as to come more directly into contact with Jellicoe's force; while it also judges that the interposition of the armed cruisers between the main opposing lines was an error.

IT may, I hope, be assumed that the trial of Sir Roger Casement will be conducted in harmony with the best traditions of the English Bar. It is a great thing, in the midst of a tremendous war, for us to conduct a civil trial of this magnitude in full publicity. Its procedure will be closely watched, most closely, perhaps, in





the United States. Let us all look for a vindication of British justice, in spirit no less than in form.

WHEN Parliament meets it will have to look closely into the War Office's administration of the Defence of the Realm Act. Laxity there must be, or a complete lack of civil sense and control. How else can one explain such acts as the seizure and impounding of all the papers of the Council against Conscription? The Council took upon itself a constitutional task—that of looking up the hard cases, which must be dealt with unless the Government really wants Conscription to become a mere instrument of tyranny and inefficiency. The Act allowed for these hard cases, but they cannot be examined save with some such instruments as the Council provides. Does the Government mean that the War Office is to break like a bull through all this machinery of protection? I don't think that is possible. But it is being done; and the country is not aware of it, nor, I am afraid, of what is happening in some prisons in which Conscientious Objectors are lodged. I have one such case before me. It is that of a quite fanatical opponent of the war, personally known to me, and generally to "advanced" people in London. Unless it is a sheer invention, it is a tale of sickening cruelty. But it doesn't stand alone. The whole business calls for close inquiry, for one fears that there is some spring of injustice in the administration of the Act, which must be stayed before it runs through the prison service.

My eyes opened when I read in the "Times" that Mr. Hughes had reached a place in Imperial politics comparable to Joseph Chamberlain's. Is that true? Chamberlain had not only a first-rate political training, with two or three of the best minds in Europe to help him, but he was himself the most accomplished of the newer race of statesmen to which, no doubt, Mr. Hughes also belongs. But I find no means of comparison between the two men; nor has Mr. Hughes's stirring rhetoric led me to look for it in the future. Mr. Hughes has a fine narrative style; he phrases boldly and easily. But the ideas? They are not new, they have the journalistic stamp of shallowness and fluent commonplace; if one looks with hope to the future of the world, many of them seem to be bad. And it is fair to say that on the Liberal and Labor side his assumption of leadership in European and British policy has been resented. Mr. Hughes has not the equipment for such a task. He is no doubt a man of affairs as well as of speech. But, frankly, he is something of a plunger.

LOVERS of the great Victorians expect much from Mr. Clodd's coming reminiscences of them. The best of them should be those of Meredith, though Mr. Clodd also knew Huxley and Thomas Hardy almost equally well, and Spencer with some familiarity. But he was perhaps George Meredith's dearest and closest companion for at least the later years of the poet's long life. And Mr. Clodd is not only a wonderful diarist, but his personality fitted itself engagingly into Meredith's moods and temperament.

HABEAS CORPUS DEFENCE FUND.

I HAVE to acknowledge, with thanks, the following further sums received for this fund:—

		£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	371	10	6
Miss M. Edith Durham...	...	2	2	0
"R."	...	0	10	6
		£374	3	0

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

CREDIT AND THE STATE.

In the great national stocktaking that will follow the war, our banking and credit system is not likely to escape attention. To many minds the action of the Government at the crisis of August, 1914, in rescuing from ruin the banks and the other financial institutions of the country, by bringing to their support the credit of the State, came as the revelation of a national power hitherto unknown and unsuspected. No reasonable person, either at the time of crisis or since, has questioned the propriety of this dramatic rescue. Had the banks, the discount and accepting houses, unable of their own available resources to meet their legal obligations, been left to their fate, the whole of our commercial and industrial machinery would soon have been brought to a standstill. But it is not unnatural that the question should arise: "Why should not this great national power of public credit, instead of being kept in the background for rare use in an extreme crisis, be made available for the normal work of business life?" If it has been competent to support the great banks breaking under the strain of a sudden emergency, could it not be used either to perform more economically some of the work which they do now, or else to supplement their work by supplying credit to portions of the business world which ordinary banking does not reach? Others press a note of criticism and of warning, asking whether it is safe or reasonable that profiteering companies, like our banks, should know that they are able in an extremity, whether caused by public policy or by business misadventures, to call upon the resources of the State to save them from disaster. The knowledge that the Government dare not let them down is a dangerous encouragement to speculative enterprise. The publication of the half-yearly balance-sheets of the joint-stock banks last January gives strong support to such criticism. For it discloses a notable decline in the proportion of liquid assets to immediate legal obligations in the shape of deposits. In other words, the banks have loaded themselves up with war-loan, not marketable for immediate uses. At ordinary times this state of affairs would be accounted dangerous. If it is not actually dangerous, the reason is that both the banks and their creditors know that the same power which saved them in August, 1914, would again be available, if another emergency arose. Meanwhile, these conditions are very advantageous to the banks. Last year, according to the "Statist," was the most prosperous year they have ever had, a prosperity due primarily to State aid given in wartime, and only in part concealed by a writing down of securities whose value will recover automatically when peace is established. Why should this great fund of public credit, based ultimately on the taxable capacity of the nation, be handed over to increase the strength and swell the profits of a group of banks, whose small number and restricted competition have long established for them a position of quasi-monopoly, instead of supplying directly and more freely the needs of the business public?

Such are the questions taking shape in many minds and stimulating many projects. A bold and valuable treatment of the subject is contained in a book by Mr. Oswald Stoll, which is attracting much attention. It bears the challenging title, "The People's Credit" (Eveleigh Nash), and centres in a proposal that all forms of productive capital shall be made available as a basis of national credit. The present banks are to be used as instruments for the issue, through the medium of the

Bank of England, of a new fund of State credit to the extent of 50 per cent. of the ascertained value of the fixed capital, the title-deeds of which would be the formal security. At present, Mr. Stoll points out, the great bulk of this fixed capital is not available for bank credit, the banks very naturally objecting to base large quantities of liquid credit upon immobile securities. This task, which is too risky for the ordinary banks, Mr. Stoll thinks the State, with its far greater unutilized financial strength, could safely undertake, and far more cheaply. He would enable every owner of a factory, a railway, machinery, or other plant, to get State credit up to half its value at a cost which just covered the expense of conducting such operations, in effect at a nominal rate of interest. This great untapped reserve of public credit he would place gratuitously at the service of productive capitalists, enabling them to extend their businesses and stimulating fresh industrial and commercial activity. It would enable business firms to pay off their mortgages and debentures, and otherwise to reduce their standing charges, thus lowering costs of production and supply-prices. Mortgagees and others, when paid off, will seek to reinvest their capital, and the general rate of interest will fall, Government being able to borrow more cheaply than at 4½ per cent., and so taxation will be reduced. It is surprising that Mr. Stoll, having reached this point, should not have reflected on the evident folly of a Government borrowing from its private citizens money either at 4½ or any other per cent., when, on his own showing, it possesses immense supplies of unutilized credit, *i.e.*, purchasing power, which it can supply to capitalists. Under present conditions, the same money which the Government advanced to capitalists gratuitously would be offered them in War Loan or Treasury bonds at 4½ per cent. Why should the Government borrow back its own money, making a big present every year to a capitalist class?

Our attitude towards Mr. Stoll's argument is this: We agree that he makes a strong case for the existence of a great fund of public credit which hitherto has been wasted, and which might be made available for use at a cheaper rate than the credit bought from ordinary bankers and financiers. In other words, the credit of the whole organized community is greater and better than that made by banking companies out of their assets and those of their depositors. That greater and better public credit should be utilized. But we can see no reason for handing it out in gratuities to owners of capital in proportion to the values of their existing properties. That would be using the wealth of the people to endow the rich. "The people's credit" should be used to benefit the people. Mr. Stoll appears to hold that the benefit of the cheap credit to capitalists will eventually redound to the advantage of "the people" in lower prices, larger employment, and higher wages. This, however, is a speculative chain of causation. What is certain is that capitalists would have the first and most certain pull upon "the people's credit," and landlords next. How much would ultimately reach the workers is very doubtful.

If there does exist this great public fund of credit, larger and safer than that fabricated by our banks, why should not the Government itself undertake the regular business of manufacturing and supplying this credit? Except to bankers, there will appear nothing really revolutionary in the suggestion. For the issuing of money has always been regarded as a proper function of the State. It was only lost when the cheque displaced gold, silver, and notes as the ordinary medium of payment. Why should not Government banks receive deposits and issue credit, securing for the public the

gains of this increasingly profitable business? There is no department in which the State starts with so large an initial advantage. For credit is a synonym for confidence, and the confidence of the public is far greater in the State than in any single banking company. We are well aware of the doubts and difficulties which may be raised, as to the skill and delicacy needed for the issue and management of credit. These difficulties may outweigh the *prima facie* advantages. It may be wise and necessary to continue allowing a small and diminishing number of rich semi-monopolies to earn profits on their paid-up capital vastly exceeding the competitive rate, and to continue to call upon the State to support them in emergencies. But on the face of things it seems a singularly improvident policy. Credit bears to the business life much the same relation as do roads, both being essentially instruments for the movement of wealth. The modern railway everywhere has passed or is passing under the State, because it is the national highway. Only the esoteric character of banking and the organized power of those who wield this privilege have enabled bankers to absorb the profitable function of making and vending the modern money. Even before the war, demands were raised for a more liberal use of State credit. Some of these arose from land reformers, who perceived the importance of securing for groups of small-holders facilities of credit which the ordinary banks were unwilling to provide. These demands will be redoubled from many quarters after the war, when bank money will be scarce and dear. Others have called in question the rigorous limitations put, under banking pressure, upon the Post Office Savings Bank for deposit and other purposes. It is curious how little attention has been called by State Socialists in this and other lands to the most concentrated form of profitable capitalism that the modern world has evolved. For all capitalistic control centres more and more in what is termed "the money power," and in most countries the joint-stock banks are the seat of this power, which sways the destiny of businesses, both great and small, throughout the economic world.

TWO WAYS WITH REBELS.

MR. HAROLD SPENDER's excellent account of "General Botha, the Career and the Man" (Constable) should be read by all true patriots now. All who place the highest value upon the country's honor and her reputation for noble qualities, will find here something, it is true, for regret, but much for encouragement. In writing of Mr. Spender's description of the Boer War and Botha's part in it, it is inevitable to say that he treads a surface of treacherous ash thinly spread above volcanic fires. But the surface is thickening fast, and the fires glow less fiercely. Already the Boer War looks small in the distance, and is historic mainly. Its memory is swallowed up by war more just and far more terrible.

Yet there are few subjects more interesting than an account of what an enemy was doing and thinking during a war in which we were ourselves bitterly engaged. Our own side of the matter we learn in time from our generals' despatches. But we like to see the other side; we like to discover how the enemy was affected by our victories or his own, and what was his real intention in this move or that. This is the subject of the first third of the book, and all who took part in the South African War will welcome many fresh details and aspects of the history. It is instructive also in these days to recall the venomous abuse poured upon Botha, Smuts, and the whole Boer race by the majority of our newspapers only fourteen years ago—the shameful

iniquities that were attributed to them, the utter subjugation or destruction to which they were condemned—and to contrast all that violence with the friendliness and admiration now generally expressed towards those two men especially, and for the most part towards their whole people. "Never treat your enemy as though he might not some day be your friend," said the versatile old Greek in the drama.

How the enemy became the friend is the subject of the book's central part. The glory of that great achievement belongs mainly to Campbell-Bannerman. But Botha and Smuts have their share in it, and to the political mind the account of the obstacles to reconciliation and the means of surmounting them is the most interesting part of Mr. Spender's work. Ignorance of South Africa may think the task easy. It was far from easy, nor is it yet fully accomplished, as recent events have too plainly proved. The conclusion of the book deals with these recent events, and it is upon one aspect of them that we wish to dwell.

We quote one or two brief observations of Mr. Spender's own. After recording that one of the first acts of Botha's full Premiership (in 1910) was the release of Dinizulu from the imprisonment to which the Natal Government had condemned him three years before, he observes:—

"Botha has the quality, rare among rulers, of always being willing to take risks in favor of mercy and clemency. All through his career and ever since—in the release of his blackmailer, the recall of the deported men, and the amnesty to De Wet—he has always shown towards his enemies that large spirit of forgiveness and oblivion which is, after all, perhaps, a surer engine of peace than all the busy mechanism of hatred and revenge."

Mr. Spender states his conclusion with apparent hesitation, but we do not suppose he hesitates. At all events, he quotes a saying of Botha himself which shows no hesitation. Speaking of Botha's final victory in surrounding the enemy's main forces in German South-West Africa last July, he writes:—

"An onlooker suggested that instead of awaiting the surrender of the Germans he should destroy them by a concentrated gun fire. 'No,' said General Botha, 'for we shall have to live with their people afterwards!' It was characteristic of him that, having the choice of peace or destruction, he preferred peace."

In contrast, we must quote a passage dealing with the most disputed point in Botha's career—the suppression of the labor trouble in Johannesburg:—

"Unhappily, this quarrel was not to end with the settlement of July, 1913. Those who speak lightly of the employment of violence as an instrument of order are apt to forget the heavy and inevitable recoil. The memory of those twenty deaths worked feverishly in the blood of South Africa, and it was only a question of opportunity when another outbreak should occur. The opportunity arose in January of the next year (1914)."

In these three passages we are shown, as illustrated by Botha's career, the power of forgiveness and oblivion as an "engine of peace"; we are reminded that though we may violently exterminate enemies, we may have to live with their people afterwards; and we are told how feverishly the memory of twenty deaths may work in the blood of a race. Yet those deaths, it must be remembered, were not executions; they were merely due to street fighting in a violent riot.

In dealing with the strike riots and with the German enemy, Botha may have been right or may have been wrong. Our own opinion is definite; many would argue for the contrary. But, outside a few bloodthirsty extremists, we suppose, no one would deny that in his treatment of De Wet and the other rebels he was right. It is quite true that, in spite of his clemency, disaffection

among the veldt Boers is still widespread, that there is much feeling against the invasion of "German South-West," and that the Hertzogites are strong. It is also true that, if rebels deserve death as rebels, De Wet and the rest deserved death. As members of a conquered or annexed and subjected race, they stood in armed rebellion against the dominant Power. They were Nationalist rebels, and they failed in their rebellion. They were the kind of rebels which no dominant Government has ever hesitated to put to death. So far as general laws and usages go in all civilized and uncivilized States, there was no question as to their sentence. Yet if Botha had executed De Wet, not only must we have prepared at once for a new South African war, but the whole world would have felt a shock of horror at the legal atrocity. Even Germans, who most devoutly worship the State as such, would have felt the shock. It was enough that only one leader—Major Fourie—was executed. Perhaps even that was too much.

"Those who speak lightly of the employment of violence as an instrument of order," says Mr. Spender, "are apt to forget the heavy and inevitable recoil." The memory of executed rebels works feverishly in a people's blood. Unhappily, we need not look far for proof. The execution of only fifteen rebels, of whose legal guilt there was no doubt, has worked so feverishly in Ireland's blood that general indifference or hostility to their movement is rapidly becoming enthusiastic sympathy, and the guilty victims themselves are converted into saints and heroes. Anyone who knows the history of rebellions could have foretold that result. All nations, except the governing Power attacked, admire a rebel, especially if he is distant in time or space. If he has championed a small and subjugated people against a dominant State, he is worshipped by his own race, and admired by all. Joan of Arc, William Tell, William Wallace, Robert Emmet, Kossuth, Garibaldi—admiration makes almost mythical figures of such heroes. And even the leaders of those internal rebellions which, as Burke said, "do not arise from a desire for change, but from the impossibility of suffering more"—such men as Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the Gracchi, Simon de Montfort, Wat Tyler, Hampden, Cromwell, and John Brown of Harper's Ferry—have received honor from historians and poets alike.

It is a peculiar inconsistency that people thus admired and honored throughout the world should hitherto have been subject at law to the most savage and brutal of all sentences. Hardly four generations have passed since the rebel in England was sentenced to be hanged, cut down alive, disembowelled alive, beheaded, and quartered. In Germany the law still demands beheading with an axe. Among ourselves, we believe, the execution for high treason may be hanging or beheading, but must be in public.

Perhaps it was in hopes of meeting this apparent inconsistency, at all events in the case of Nationalist rebellions, that just before the last Hague Conference a memorial was presented to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, signed by representatives of many influential bodies—such representatives as Sir Fowell Buxton, the Bishop of Southwark (now of Winchester), Mr. Spence Watson, Canon Barnett, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Canon Scott Holland, Mr. Noel Buxton, Mr. Harold Spender, and many others. The purport of the memorial was to extend to subject races the rules laid down by the first Hague Conference for the treatment of belligerents and the populations of belligerent States. If that provision were accepted, it would be prohibited (in accordance with the Hague Convention for War on Land) to kill or wound a rebel who in a Nationalist

rising had laid down arms and surrendered at discretion; to declare that no quarter would be given; and to destroy property unless imperatively demanded by the necessities of war. Family honor and rights, as well as religious convictions and liberty, would also be respected in case of rebellion, and pillage prohibited. May we not say that, in the whole history of rebellions, General Botha is the only ruler who has followed the precepts of that memorial? And in following them he has secured, not only perpetual honor for himself, but the preservation of his country from violent turmoil and fevered blood.

Even in the case of ordinary belligerents now, we think of the Hague Conventions with a sigh of regretful memory. International law is overwhelmed in universal horror. Mankind, having found the Hague Temple of Peace swept and garnished, has gone out and taken to himself seven devils worse than any before. Yet, if any laws and regulations for the treatment of belligerents are to be maintained, we see no reason why they should not be extended to rebels. If it is wrong to kill a captured or wounded belligerent, why is it right to kill a captured or wounded rebel, who has probably far more reason for his violence than the belligerent soldier? If it is wrong to pillage and to violate women in conquered countries, why is it right to pillage and to violate women in rebellious countries? Yet, in the rebellions of subject races, these things are done, either as matters of course, or with less objection than in war. No doubt, the fervid worshipper of the State, "that Great Leviathan or Mortal God" of Hobbes, will be able to answer to their satisfaction. But, happily for his people and for us, General Botha is not among the number of these worshippers.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 316.)

BOOK I.

Matching's Easy at Ease.

§ 3.

LUNCH was an open-air feast again. Three visitors had dropped in; they had motored down from London piled up on a motor-cycle and a side-car; a brother and two sisters they seemed to be, and they had apparently reduced hilarity to a principle. The rumors of coming hockey that had been floating on the outskirts of Mr. Direck's consciousness ever since his arrival, thickened and multiplied. . . . It crept into his mind that he was expected to play. . . .

He decided he would not play. He took various people into his confidence. He told Mr. Britling, and Mr. Britling said, "We'll make you full back, where you'll get a hit now and then, and not have very much to do. All you have to remember is to hit with the flat side of your stick, and not raise it above your shoulders." He told Teddy, and Teddy said, "I strongly advise you to dress as thinly as you can consistently with decency, and put your collar and tie in your pocket before the game begins. Hockey is properly a winter game." He told the maiden aunt-like lady with the prominent nose, and she said almost enviously, "Everyone here is asked to play except me. I assuage the perambulator. I suppose one mustn't be envious. I don't see why I shouldn't play. I'm not so old as all that." He told Hugh, and Hugh warned him to be careful not to get hold of one of the sprung sticks. He considered whether

it wouldn't be wiser to go to his own room and lock himself in, or stroll off for a walk through Claverings Park. But then he would miss Miss Corner, who was certain, it seemed, to come up for hockey. On the other hand, if he did not miss her he might make himself ridiculous in her eyes, and efface the effect of the green silk stuff with the golden pheasants.

He determined to stay behind until she arrived, and explain to her that he was not going to play. He didn't somehow want her to think he wasn't perfectly fit to play.

Mr. Carmine arrived in an automobile with two Indians and a gentleman who had been a prospector in Alaska; the family who had danced overnight at the Dower House reappeared, and then Mrs. Teddy, very detached with a special hockey stick, and Miss Corner wheeling the perambulator. Then came further arrivals. At the earliest opportunity Mr. Direck secured the attention of Miss Corner, and lost his interest in anyone else.

"I can't play this hockey," said Mr. Direck. "I feel strange about it. It isn't an American game. Now if it were baseball——!"

He left her to suppose him uncommonly hot stuff at baseball.

"If you're on my side," said Cecily, "mind you pass to me."

It became evident to Mr. Direck that he was going to play this hockey after all.

"Well," he said, "if I've got to play hockey, I guess I've got to play hockey. But can't I just get a bit of practice somewhere before the game begins?"

So Miss Corner went off to get two sticks and a ball and came back to instruct Mr. Direck. She said he had a good eye. The two small boys scenting play in the air got sticks and joined them. The overnight visitor's wife appeared from the house in abbreviated skirts, and wearing formidable shin-guards. With her abundant fair hair, which was already breaking loose so to speak, to join the fray, she looked like a short stout dismounted Valkyr. Her gaze was clear and firm.

§ 4.

Hockey as it was played at the Dower House at Matching's Easy before the war, was a game combining danger, physical exercise, and kindness in a very high degree. Except for the infant in the perambulator and the outwardly calm but inwardly resentful aunt, who wheeled the child up and down in a position of maximum danger just behind the unnetted goal, everyone was involved. Quite able-bodied people acquainted with the game played forward, the less well-informed played a defensive game behind the forward line, elderly, infirm, and bulky persons were used chiefly as obstacles in goal. Several players wore padded leg-guards, and all players were assumed to have them and expected to behave accordingly.

Proceedings began with an invidious ceremony called picking up. This was heralded by Mr. Britling, clad in the diaphanous flannels and bearing a hockey stick, advancing with loud shouts to the centre of the hockey field. "Pick up! Pick up!" echoed the young Britlings.

Mr. Direck became aware of a tall, drooping man with long hair and long digressive legs in still longer white flannel trousers, and a face that was somehow familiar. He was talking with affectionate intimacy to Manning, and suddenly Mr. Direck remembered that it was in Manning's weekly paper, "The Sectarian," in which a bitter caricaturist enlivened a biting text, that he had become familiar with the features of Manning's companion. It was Raeburn, Raeburn the insidious, Raeburn the completest product of the party system. . . . Well, that was the English way. "Come for the pick up!" cried the youngest Britling, seizing upon Mr. Direck's elbow. It appeared that Mr. Britling and the overnight dinner guest—Mr. Direck never learnt his name—were picking up.

Names were shouted. "I'll take Cecily!" Mr. Direck heard Mr. Britling say quite early. The opposing sides as they were picked fell into two groups. There

seemed to be difficulties about some of the names. Mr. Britling pointing to the more powerful looking of the Indian gentlemen, said, "You, sir."

"I'm going to speculate on Mr. Dinks," said Mr. Britling's opponent.

Mr. Direck gathered that Mr. Dinks was to be his hockey name.

"You're on our side," said Mrs. Teddy. "I think you'll have to play forward, outer right, and keep a sharp eye on Cissie."

"I'll do what I can," said Mr. Direck.

His captain presently confirmed this appointment.

His stick was really a sort of club, and the ball was a firm, hard cricket ball. . . . He resolved to be very gentle with Cecily, and see that she didn't get hurt.

The sides took their places for the game, and a kind of order became apparent to Mr. Direck. In the centre stood Mr. Britling and the opposing captain, and the ball lay between them. They were preparing to "bully off" and start the game. In a line with each of them were four other forwards. They all looked spirited and intent young people, and Mr. Direck wished he had had more exercise to justify his own alert appearance. Behind each centre forward hovered one of the Britling boys. Then came a vaguer row on each side of three backs, persons of gentler disposition or maturer years. They included Mr. Raeburn, who was considered to have great natural abilities for hockey, but little experience. Mr. Raeburn was behind Mr. Direck. Mrs. Britling was the centre back. Then in a corner of Mr. Direck's side was a small girl of six or seven, and in the half-circle about the goal a lady in a motoring dust coat and a very short little man whom Mr. Direck had not previously remarked. Mr. Lawrence Carmine, stripped to the braces, which were richly ornamented with Oriental embroidery, kept goal for one team.

The centre forwards went through a rapid little ceremony. They smote their sticks on the ground, and then hit the sticks together. "One," said Mr. Britling. The operation was repeated. "Two," . . . "Three."

Smack, Mr. Britling had got it and the ball had gone to the shorter and sturdier of the younger Britlings, who had been standing behind Mr. Direck's captain. Crack, and it was away to Teddy; smack, and it was coming right at Direck.

"Lordy!" he said, and prepared to smite it.

Then something swift and blue had flashed before him, intercepted the ball and shot it past him. This was Cecily Corner, and she and Teddy were running abreast like the wind towards Mr. Raeburn.

"Hey!" cried Mr. Raeburn, "stop!" and advanced, as it seemed to Mr. Direck, with unseemly and threatening gestures towards Cissie.

But before Mr. Direck could adjust his mind to this new phase of affairs, Cecily had passed the right honorable gentleman with the same mysterious ease with which she had flashed by Mr. Direck, and was bearing down upon the miscellaneous Landwehr which formed the "backs" of Mr. Direck's side.

"You rabbit!" cried Mr. Raeburn, and became extraordinarily active in pursuit, administering great lengths of arm and leg with a centralized efficiency he had not hitherto displayed.

Running hard to the help of Mr. Raeburn was the youngest Britling boy, a beautiful contrast. It was like a puff ball supporting and assisting a conger eel. In front of Mr. Direck the little stout man was being alert. Teddy was supporting the attack near the middle of the field, crying "Centre!" while Mr. Britling, very round and resolute, was bouncing straight towards the threatened goal. But Mrs. Teddy, running as swiftly as her sister, was between Teddy and the ball. Whack! the little short man's stick had clashed with Cecily's. Confused things happened with sticks and feet, and the little short man appeared to be trying to cut down Cecily as one cuts down a tree, she tried to pass the ball to her centre forward—too late, and then Mrs. Teddy had intercepted it, and was flickering back towards Mr. Britling's goal in a rush in which Mr. Direck perceived it was his duty to join.

Yes, he had to follow up Mrs. Teddy and pick up the ball if he had a chance, and send it in to her or the captain or across to the left-forwards, as circumstances might decide. It was perfectly clear.

Then came his moment. The little formidably padded lady who had dined at the Dower House overnight, made a gallant attack upon Mrs. Teddy. Out of the confusion of this clash the ball spun into Mr. Direck's radius. Where should he smite and how? A moment of reflection was natural.

But now the easy-fitting discipline of the Dower House style of hockey became apparent. Mr. Direck had last observed the tall young Indian gentleman, full of vitality and anxious for destruction, far away in the distance on the opposing right wing. But now, regardless of the more formal methods of the game, this young man had resolved, without further delay and at any cost, to hit the ball hard, and he was travelling like some Asiatic typhoon with an extreme velocity across the remonstrances of Mr. Britling and the general order of his side. Mr. Direck became aware of him just before his impact. There was a sort of collision from which Mr. Direck emerged with a feeling that one side of his face was permanently flattened, but still gallantly resolved to hit the comparatively lethargic ball. He and the staggered but resolute Indian clashed sticks again. And Mr. Direck had the best of it. Years of experience couldn't have produced a better pass to the captain. . . .

"Good pass!"

Apparently from one of the London visitors.

But this was *some* game!

The ball executed some rapid movements to and fro across the field. Our side was pressing hard. There was a violent convergence of miscellaneous backs and suchlike irregulars upon the threatened goal. Mr. Britling's dozen was rapidly losing its disciplined order. One of the side-car ladies and the gallant Indian had shifted their activities to the defensive back, and with them was a spectacle of a gentleman waving his stick, high above all recognized rules. Mr. Direck's captain and both Britling boys hurried to join the fray. Mr. Britling, who seemed to Mr. Direck to be, for a captain, rather too demagogic, also ran back to rally his forces by loud cries. "Pass outwardly!" was the burthen of his contribution.

The struggle about the Britling goal ceased to be a game, and became something between a fight and a social gathering. Mr. Britling's goalkeeper could be heard shouting, "I can't see the ball! Lift your feet!" The crowded conflict lurched towards the goal posts. "My shin!" cried Mr. Manning. "No, you don't!"

Whack, but again whack!

Whack! "Ah! would you?" Whack.

"Goal!" cried the side-car gentleman.

"Goal!" cried the Britling boys. . . .

Mr. Manning, as goalkeeper, went to recover the ball, but one of the Britling boys politely anticipated him.

The crowd became inactive, and then began to drift back to loosely conceived positions.

"It's no good swarming into goal like that," Mr. Britling, with a faint asperity in his voice, explained to his followers. "We've got to keep open and not crowd each other."

Then he went confidentially to the energetic young Indian to make some restrictive explanation of his activities.

Mr. Direck strolled back towards Cecily. He was very warm and a little blown, but not, he felt, disgraced. He was winning.

"You'll have to take your coat off," she said.

It was a good idea.

It had occurred to several people, and the boundary line was already dotted with hastily discarded jackets and wraps and so forth. But the lady in the motoring dust coat was buttoning it to the chin.

"One goal love," said the minor Britling boy.

"We haven't begun yet, Sunny," said Cecily.

"Sonny! That's American," said Mr. Direck.

"No. We call him Sunny Jim," said Cecily.

"They're bullying off again."

"Sunny Jim's American too," said Mr. Direck returning to his place. . . .

The struggle was resumed. And soon it became clear that the first goal was no earnest of the quality of the struggle. Teddy and Cecily formed a terribly efficient combination. Against their brilliant rushes, supported in a vehement but effective manner by the Indian to their right and guided by loud shoutings from Mr. Britling (centre), Mr. Direck and the side-car lady and Mr. Raeburn struggled in vain. One swift advance was only checked by the dust cloak, its folds held the ball until help arrived; another was countered by a tremendous swipe of Mr. Raeburn's that sent the ball within an inch of the youngest Britling's head and right across the field; the third resulted in a swift pass from Cecily to the elder Britling son away on her right, and he shot the goal neatly and swiftly through the lattice of Mr. Lawrence Carmine's defensive movements. And after that, very rapidly, came another goal for Mr. Britling's side and then another.

Then Mr. Britling cried out that it was "Half-time," and explained to Mr. Direck that whenever one side got to three goals they considered it was half-time, and had five minutes' rest and changed sides. Everybody was very hot and happy, except the lady in the dust cloak, who was perfectly cool. In everybody's eyes shone the light of battle, and not a shadow disturbed the brightness of the afternoon for Mr. Direck except a certain unspoken anxiety about Mr. Raeburn's trousers.

You see, Mr. Direck had never seen Mr. Raeburn before, and knew nothing about his trousers.

They appeared to be coming down.

To begin with, they had been rather loose over the feet and turned up, and as the game progressed, fold after fold of concertinaed flannel gathered about his ankles. Every now and then Mr. Raeburn would seize the opportunity of some respite from the game to turn up a fresh six inches or so of this accumulation. Naturally Mr. Direck expected this policy to end in a disaster. He did not know that the flannel trousers of Mr. Raeburn were like a river, that they would come down for ever, and still remain inexhaustible.

He had visions of this scene of happy innocence being suddenly blasted by a monstrous disaster. . . .

Apart from this worry, Mr. Direck was as happy as anyone there!

Perhaps these apprehensions affected his game. At any rate, he did nothing that pleased him in the second half, Cecily danced all over him and round and about him, and in the course of ten minutes her side had won the two remaining goals with a score of Five-One; and five goals is "game" by the standards of Matching's Easy.

And then with the very slightest of delays these insatiable people picked up again. Mr. Direck slipped away and returned in a white silk shirt, tennis trousers, and a belt. This time he and Cecily were on the same side, the Cecily-Teddy combination was broken, and he, it seemed, was to take the place of the redoubtable Teddy on the left wing with her.

This time the sides were better chosen and played a long, obstinate, even game. One-One. One-Two. One-Three. (Half-time.) Two-Three. Three all. Four-Three. Four all. . . .

By this time Mr. Direck was beginning to master the simple strategy of the sport. He was also beginning to master the fact that Cecily was the quickest, nimblest, most indefatigable player on the field. He scouted for her and passed to her. He developed tacit understandings with her. Ideas of protecting her had gone to the four winds of Heaven. Against them Teddy and a side-car girl with Raeburn in support made a memorable struggle. Teddy was as quick as a cat. "Four-Three" looked like winning, but then Teddy and the tall Indian and Mrs. Teddy pulled square. They almost repeated this feat and won, but Mr. Manning saved the situation with an immense oblique hit that sent the ball to Mr. Direck. He ran with the ball up to Raeburn and then dodged and passed to Cecily. There was a lively struggle to the left; the ball was hit out by Mr. Raeburn and thrown in by a

young Britling; lost by the forwards and rescued by the padded lady. Forward again! This time will do it!

Cecily away to the left had worked round Mr. Raeburn once more. Teddy, realizing that things were serious, was tearing back to attack her.

Mr. Direck supported with silent intentness. "Centre!" cried Mr. Britling. "Cen-tre!"

"Mr. Direck!" came her voice, full of confidence. (Of such moments is the heroic life.) The ball shot behind the hurtling Teddy. Mr. Direck stopped it with his foot, a trick he had just learnt from the eldest Britling son. He was neither slow nor hasty. He was in the half-circle, and the way to goal was barred only by the dust-cloak lady and Mr. Lawrence Carmine. He made as if to shoot to Mr. Carmine's left and then smacked the ball, with the swiftness of a serpent's stroke to his right.

He'd done it! Mr. Carmine's stick and feet were a yard away.

Then hard on this wild triumph came a flash of horror. One can't see everything. His eye followed the ball's trajectory. . . .

Directly in the line of its flight was the perambulator.

The ball missed the legs of the lady with the noble nose by a kind of miracle, hit and glanced off the wheel of the perambulator, and went spinning into a border of antirrhinums.

"Good!" cried Cecily. "Splendid shot!"

He'd shot a goal. He'd done it well. The perambulator it seemed didn't matter. Though apparently the impact had awakened the baby. In the margin of his consciousness was the figure of Mr. Britling remarking: "Aunty. You really mustn't wheel the perambulator—just there."

"I thought," said the aunt, indicating the goal posts by a facial movement, "that those two sticks would be a sort of protection. . . . A-ah! Did they, then?"

Never mind that.

"That's game!" said one of the junior Britlings to Mr. Direck with a note of high appreciation, and the whole party, relaxing and crumpling like a lowered flag, moved towards the house and tea.

§ 5.

"We'll play some more after tea," said Cecily. "It will be cooler then."

"My word, I'm beginning to like it," said Mr. Direck.

"You're going to play very well," she said.

And such is the magic of a game that Mr. Direck was humbly proud and grateful for her praise, and trotted along by the side of this creature who had revealed herself so swift and resolute and decisive, full to overflowing of the mere pleasure of just trotting along by her side. And after tea, which was a large, confused affair, enlivened by wonderful and entirely untruthful reminiscences of the afternoon by Mr. Raeburn, they played again, with fewer inefficients and greater skill and swiftness, and Mr. Direck did such quick and intelligent things that everybody declared that he was a hockey player straight from heaven. The dusk, which at last made the position of the ball too speculative for play, came all too soon for him. He had played in six games, and he knew he would be as stiff as a Dutch doll in the morning. But he was very, very happy.

The rest of the Sunday evening was essentially a sequel to the hockey.

Mr. Direck changed again, and after using some emulsion that Mrs. Britling recommended very strongly, came down in a black jacket and a cheerfully ample black tie. He had a sense of physical well-being such as he had not experienced since he came aboard the liner at New York. The curious thing was that it was not quite the same sense of physical well-being that one had in America. That is bright and clear and a little dry, this was—humid. His mind quivered contentedly, like sunset midges over a lake—it had no hard, bright flashes—and his body wanted to sit about. His sense of intimacy with Cecily increased each time he looked at her. When she met his eyes she smiled. He'd caught

her style now, he felt; he attempted no more compliments and was frankly her pupil at hockey and Badminton. After supper Mr. Britling renewed his suggestion of an automobile excursion on the Monday.

"There's nothing to take you back to London," said Mr. Britling, "and we could just hunt about the district with the little old car and see everything you want to see."

Mr. Direck did not hesitate three seconds. He thought of Gladys; he thought of Miss Cecily Corner.

"Well, indeed," he said, "if it isn't burthening you, if I'm not being any sort of inconvenience here for another night, I'd be really very glad indeed of the opportunity of going around and seeing all these ancient places."

(*To be continued.*)

Letters to the Editor.

THE CONTROVERSY WITH AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it by inadvertence or for some occult reason that the British public is being kept in the dark about the latest phases of the controversy of its Government with America?

On May 24th Secretary Lansing delivered to the British and French Ambassadors in Washington a Note of protest against the interference of their respective Governments with neutral mails to and from the United States. The full text of the Note was published in American papers of May 27th, which have arrived in London this week. All that has so far appeared in the British press was a brief summary in the daily papers of the same date.

Taking the "Times'" summary as typical, one now finds that it omits the following important points:—

(1) The complaint that the Allied Governments, by sending vessels into British ports and overhauling their mails there—instead of, as previously, seizing these mails on the high seas—have only "abandoned one illegal practice to make place for the development of another, more onerous and vexatious in character."

(2) The accusation that the present practice, equally with the former, is a violation of the rule of the Hague Convention.

(3) The specific illustrations given by Mr. Lansing of the resulting confusion and loss to American trade. For example, a Pittsburg firm sent by mail a tender and specifications for certain electrical works in Christiania. After several weeks of waiting the bids failed to arrive; the matter could not be held open any longer, and the contract was awarded to a British competitor.

(4) The definite warning that the United States Government "will be compelled in the near future to press claims for full reclamation upon the attention of His Majesty's Government and that of the French Republic."—Yours, &c.,

THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF AN AMERICAN PAPER.

June 14th, 1916.

[Our correspondent's statement is a very serious one, and we hope that, whether the Government or the press are to blame, the error of suppressing or curtailing America's official statement of her sea-policy will not be repeated.—ED., THE NATION.]

"OUR WANT IN EDUCATION."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—However much to the point was the article in last week's issue, its reference was obviously rather to secondary than to elementary education, and, perhaps for that very reason, no mention was made of the "religious" difficulty. As I believe that, after some fifteen years of thought, I have approached more closely to a solution of that difficulty than most men whose opinions I know, you will, perhaps, allow me to sketch my proposed solution, premising that until teachers can feel themselves to be no

longer mere pawns in a theological game, they cannot be expected to rise to the height of their great responsibilities.

Undoubtedly there are large elements of sheer professional selfishness in the sectarian plea for "religious education." Clergy want recruits, and juvenile recruits are the easiest to get. On the other hand, the anti-clerical or non-clerical parties are singularly incompetent as constructive educationalists. They do not tell us how the child's (and the adult's) moral or spiritual needs are to be supplied; how ideals are to be set attractively and effectively before the child; how the most can be made of the Bible; how civic knowledge and hygienic knowledge are to be conveyed. Cowper-Templeism ("undenominational Biblical instruction") blocks the way to all improvements, while no improvement in itself ever takes place, the result being, as the "Bible Crusade" now admits, that hardly anyone reads the Bible at all. Meanwhile, the "liberty of the teacher" is as meaningless a phrase as the "rights of parents"; no one is really concerned for either idea.

I can only indicate briefly a scheme which, in my belief, comes close to a solution of all the difficulties that have been raised, ingeniously or disingenuously, during the past few decades. The defence of it, and indeed the full exposition of it, I must leave, forwarding some extra details meanwhile to the editor.

There are three chief questions involved:—

(1) How to supply the nation with plain but sound advice on questions of morals, hygiene, civics, &c., how to do this without destroying the "liberty" of the teacher, and yet without allowing the teacher to neglect or spoil the work.

My solution comprises an elaborate catalogue of themes and illustrations, covering all important moral, hygienic, and civic matters, and including the *pros* and *cons* of all important controversies. The teacher is to deal with whatever of these subjects he feels an interest in. He is to have complete liberty of speech, provided, on matters of controversy, he refers his pupils to the *pro* and *con* literature. Illiteracy or incompetence on the teacher's part are, however, to be penalized so far as penalization is possible at all.

(2) How to supply an aesthetic or "spiritual" atmosphere to the school—something more than the "mere morality" discussed above.

My solution comprises a school liturgy of beautiful music, poetry, and ceremonial, grouped around large moral ideas. The Bible would be extensively drawn upon, but all world-literature would yield its quota.

(3) How to allow for the special convictions of sectarians, enthusiasts, faddists, &c.

My solution is a "right of entry" for competent outsiders (clergy, but not clergy only) to give addresses, not to a small group of sectarian children, but to the whole school, and in the presence of all the teachers and of as many parents as can be accommodated at the liturgical exercises of the school.

The way in which this last proposal, combined with the one that precedes it, would conduce to national unification and understanding will be obvious to anyone who exercises his imagination. The supposed dangers of the plan are met in proposal No. 1.—Yours, &c.,

INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

June 12th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I make a few comments on your article on education in the current number?

It seems to me that you regard education from a somewhat too narrow point of view. Your article leaves me with the impression of being too insistent on the acquisition of knowledge, and, in particular, a knowledge of such facts as may have subsequently a commercial or political value. It is true that in the last sentence of the article you say that the result will be a public which has learned to think, and I believe you mean that to be the keynote of the whole essay. But will a public, brought up in the spirit of your article, have been taught to think along the right lines? And, if it shall have been, will that be sufficient? I feel that you want to teach the public rather than to educate it. To learn science, natural and political, teaches a person

facts and trains his powers of co-ordinated thought; but, while admitting the value of this, I hold that a system, before it can merit being called educational, must go farther than this: not only must it develop the intellectual qualities of man, but also it must concern itself with the development of the senses, with the expression and understanding of human emotions.

You pay high tribute to the German system of bringing up the youth of the nation, but it seems to me that the Germans are taught, not educated. The result is a nation having a very high intellectual standard (if by intellect one means the capacity for consecutive thought), but a people whose senses lack development. In other words, the human side of their nature is allowed to vegetate for the benefit of the intellectual side, and in that sense the halfpenny press is unconsciously right when it refers to them as barbarians. May not their methods of conducting warfare be traced to an evil system of education?

All that you say of the standard of their magazines is probably true, and no doubt they do like "a learned, discursive, elaborately-reasoned article, especially on the literary page." And here, it seems to me, you have sounded the very note of all that is wrong with German education: they are capable of a highly-reasoned grammatical criticism of (shall we say?) Shakespeare, and an exhaustive analysis of his technique, while they may, like too many of our own professors, fail entirely to appreciate his art. In other words, their minds are of the type which produces excellent text-books. Has any country produced more professors and text-books of psychology than Germany; but has any country shown itself so entirely incapable of understanding human nature as Germany has during this war? What shall we say of an educational system which leads to the sentiment that Germany's national hero is not Goethe or Schiller, not Beethoven or Schumann, but Count Zeppelin? (A statement to this effect was made by the Emperor at a public dinner, and, if Dr. Sarolea is to be believed, it is not the remark of an unbalanced individual but stands for the feelings of the whole people.) The fruits of German education are, on the one hand, a "great army of highly-trained scientific experts . . . a commercial class which appreciated science and organization," and, on the other hand, a people whose industry is war, who seek the expression of their ideals in war, not only as a means to an end, but as an end in itself. Of what value to the human race is the former result compared with the latter? No, sir, let us have none of it. There have been many instances in history of a conquered people imposing their ideals on their conquerors; there are already (pardon the anticipation) sufficient evidences of the Germans imposing their ideals on us, but Heaven defend us from being infected by their educational system.

And now may I say a few words on what I think are the foundations upon which educational reforms should be based, if they are to have any value? The evils of our educational system are to be found in our social organization, and it is here that improvement must begin. I think there are two fundamental essentials—compulsory education for all, male and female, until the end of the eighteenth year, and this education, since it is to be compulsory, must be provided by the State (with machinery to prevent parents shirking their responsibilities). A boy does not really begin to be educated until he is fourteen or fifteen years of age, but it is evident that compulsory education up to the age of nineteen is impossible under our present social conditions. It will remain impossible so long as children are required as producers, and this will be so until the consumers have been taught or compelled to demand less. There are, of course, many and great difficulties in the practical arrangement of this, but I have not set out to write on Social Reform. Here, I feel strongly, is the very first step in any great improvement in national education: compulsory free education for all up to the age of at least nineteen.

Apologizing for the length of this letter,—Yours, &c.,

JOHN CASE, M.A.

Hawley Green Farm, Blackwater, Hants.

June 12th, 1916.

[It is emphatically education in a broad sense, not teaching, which we had in mind when writing the article.—ED., THE NATION.]

AMERICA AND THE IRISH EXECUTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We in America condemned bitterly the execution of Edith Cavell by the Germans, and also many other of the deaths which they compassed on the ground of "military necessity"; and we have looked to the Allies, and Great Britain in particular, not to exact the last jot and tittle of military justice when occasion arose.

Along with the allied peoples we regarded the sinking of the "Lusitania" not only as shocking murder, but as a great blunder on the part of the Teutons. In this it alienated all neutrals—America especially, and inclined them to throw their moral weight at least against the governments countenancing such measures.

So to-day the Irish executions growing out of the Sinn Fein rising, irrespective of the justification or provocation, or their "legality" under civil or martial law, have checked a good deal of the enthusiasm of Americans for the Allied cause. It is not that the treason of the movement is not recognized—that is generally condemned; but we expected better things from England than from the Power who ruthlessly invaded Belgium. We recalled the Boer generals, and felt that the English understood at least the wisdom of clemency, and were permeated by the doctrine of mercy tempering justice.

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend, a professor in one of our large universities, who, more even than most Americans, has been greatly concerned over our prospects of going to war with the Teutons. He remarked: "We will not have war now—the Irish executions have settled that." Nor is it due to the so-called "Irish Americans," which you English continue to insist control such a large portion of our politics, nor due to any particular sympathies for Ireland. We begin to ask ourselves, "After all, is one combatant better than another, once the war is on?"

At all events, the executions have had a distinct moral effect upon America not favorable to England; and it is unwise to regard them in any other light than a political blunder, which is so apt to occur when the "military" sit in the saddle and "imagination" is banished from government.

With best wishes for the success of the Allied cause,—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS M. WOODWARD.

Inter-State Commerce Commission, Washington.

May 31st, 1916.

THE MEDICAL TREATMENT OF THE UNFIT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is no doubt a reasonable explanation of the vagaries of the Army doctors who are examining men for military service; but that explanation would be of small consolation to the victims. The other day I went up to the medical board for my district, certain that I would be rejected, and wishing to get an unpleasant business over; but I was accepted as "fit for service at home only, in garrison or provisional units." I suffer from the following physical disabilities:—

(1) Short sight. Without my glasses my sight in both eyes was declared to be "nil" on the test; with my glasses $\frac{1}{6}$ (i.e., normal) in the right eye, and $\frac{1}{9}$ (presumably, less than normal) in the left. I read the test letters equally well with both eyes. The question is: is my sight, with glasses, normal for both eyes, or did the doctor record my right eye as normal because it is the eye with which you look along a gun?

(2) Hernia. This was recorded as a "slight inguinal weakness, left." My own doctor had already told me that the rupture was a fairly advanced one.

(3) Haemorrhoids. The Army doctor made a few informative remarks about the commonness of a slight degree of haemorrhoids; but it did not seem to occur to him that a day or two's marching would throw a man so afflicted out of the ranks.

(4) Chronic nasal catarrh of sixteen years' duration, and apparently incurable. This, the bugbear of my life, which obliges me to live almost ascetically in order to keep my air passages free, was not thought worthy of any special





notice by the Army doctor. Exposure, coarse food, and stuffy huts or tents would choke my nose and throat.

Whatever is the use of a soldier like me, even on home service? I shall have to go into hospital to be patched up before I can stand the physical strain of training and marching in full kit; and even then I have handicaps (1) and (4). I am married; I have two children; and I am a Government servant. As a soldier I shall receive the equivalent of my full civil pay; in addition there is the cost of my keep and of my kit; and somebody will be paid a wage to substitute me on my civil duties. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the Government would be getting better value for less money by keeping me on my civil duties, on which I am doing useful work? But the Army doctors have no instructions seemingly to consider a man's physical condition in relation to his employment.

Be that as it may, here are a few other cases which have come under my notice.

My brother, who suffers from the same physical defects as myself, except (3) and (4), who is unmarried, younger, and physically stronger and more robust than myself, has been rejected.

Of two acquaintances, both young and unmarried, one, who has a slight attack of a non-contagious skin disease on one of his arms, was rejected; the other, who was suffering from nervous debility, which did not prevent him from following his employment, was accepted for sedentary work only.

A temporary clerk employed in my Department was rejected on four occasions—for heart disease, he told me—and accepted on the fifth. He is now in the Grenadier Guards!

What is to be made of it all? For my part, I believe that the war has bred a new kind of fanaticism in the doctors who have been taken away from their civil practices and given commissions in the Royal Army Medical Corps—the fanaticism of numbers. The string of identical phrases to naked men every five or ten minutes, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month, has developed into a ritual; it is chanted; being chanted, it has an hypnotic, exalting effect on the chanter; he becomes a priest of the great God of War; his scruples regarding the fitness of the sacrifices to his god disappear, for he grows stronger day by day himself to bear their physical sins; and the late-comers, the married, the responsible, who are poor make-shifts of men like myself, will find in him, not a judge, but a hierurge, who will take upon himself all their weaknesses and—shove them into the Army!—Yours, &c.,

HAUD EQUIDEM MILES.

June 13th, 1916.

THE MONEYCHANGERS IN THE TEMPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—The sole reply to a request made in your columns over a month ago for an explanation of the meaning of the moneychanger incident, and the bringing of "not peace but a sword," is that by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw in his reductions to absurdity of various arguments from the apostles of physical force.

To those who have already attained that level of psychical evolution which is characterized by an innate power of grasping in a flash the inner meaning of hidden truths, Mr. Shaw seems to penetrate the pestilence of spreading Bernhardism, like a refreshing and an invigorating breeze.

But the point is, will he be equally illuminating to those to whom the writings of the evangelists prove a stumbling-block or a mystery?

As a believer in the whole life of our Savior having been a continual demonstration of the superiority of psychical over physical force, a perpetual revelation of the necessity for relying on that alone for solving any problem which life is able to present, and an overwhelming insistence on the urgency of utilizing our physical existence for the development of psychical faculties (i.e., the power of loving, &c.), one can only regard any apparent inconsistency as a failure of one's powers of spiritual perception.

Now as to the affair of the moneychangers in the Temple. Because the circumstances of His birth rendered Christ free from any heritage of ancestral physical error—such as may leave vulnerable spots for three or four generations—and

because He Himself withstood all temptation, and led a life the holiness of which was absolute, it would have been contrary to the laws of Divine order for physical forces such as those whose violence culminated in the Crucifixion to be set in motion against Him, unless He Himself had first departed from the high psychical estate of immunity (in which He had set the example of an ideal for human life), and descended into the realm of physical force, by performing an act which, in the inevitable recoil of such upon its originator, would contain the elements necessary to enable a Being who was without sin to effect quite naturally, and in accordance with all known laws, the chief object of His coming to us, namely, the Atonement, and thus the Redemption of mankind.

"Not peace, but a sword," is a phrase which suffers from the rendering "sword" when it rather implies "division"—e.g., the divisions which occur in a family as one or more members attain spiritual perception and develop "conscientious objections" to barbarism.—Yours, &c.,

D.

Poetry.

THREE SONGS FROM HEINE.

Translated into Scottish dialect by Alexander Gray.

MORGENS STEH' ICH AUF UND FRAGE.

ILKA morn I spier on risin',
" Will she come at last?"
Ilka nicht I lie doon sighin',
" Anither day's slipped past."

On my bed I lie and sorrow,
Waukrife a' nicht through.
A' day lang I wander dreamy,
Dreamin', love, o' you.

MÄDCHEN MIT DEM ROTEN MÜNDCHEIN.

Lassie wi' the een sae tender,
Wi' the reid and rosy mou',
O, my couthy, dainty lassie,
A' my thochts are aye wi' you.

Lang, lang are the winter forenichts,
Wad that I were wi' you now!
Could we sit and crack thegither
By the firelicht's cosy lowe!

I wad kiss in leal devotion
Baith your bonnie snaw-white hands;
I wad bathe them wi' my tear-draps,
Baith your bonnie snaw-white hands.

WENN ICH IN DEINE AUGEN SER'.

When in your bonny een I keek,
My sorrow melts awa' like reik.
And when I kiss your lips sae reid,
There's naething in the world I need.

When on your breist my heid I rest,
There's nane in heaven is hauf sae blest.
But when you say: "I love you, sweet,"
Hoo bitter are the tears I greet!

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Politics." By Heinrich von Treitschke. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. (Constable. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"Literature in Ireland: Studies Irish and Anglo-Irish." By Thomas MacDonagh. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

"Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir." By J. H. Parnell. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The National History of France." "The Eighteenth Century." By Casimir Stryienski. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Belgians Under the German Eagle." By Jean Massart. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"England's Effort." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Quest for Dean Bridgeman Conner." By Anthony J. Philpott. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

* * *

M. EMILE FAGUET's death last week, like that of Jules Lemaitre some months earlier, has been almost unnoticed in these days, when death is taking so heavy a toll. Thus, in the middle of another war, passes the group of writers whom Frenchmen usually describe as the literary generation of 1870. Brunetière, Lemaitre, Faguet, and Anatole France—the last happily still with us—are four of its most distinguished and typical representatives. Differing as they do in thought and in temperament, they are all the children of their age, and have learnt at the same school. Brought up on the writings of Taine and Renan, and witnessing in their early manhood the tragic events of the invasion and the Commune, all four have been touched by the spirit of disillusion and scepticism, a spirit from which Brunetière and Faguet escaped by different doors, but which Lemaitre and Anatole France fostered with a sort of impish gaiety. All four have made raiding incursions into politics, but have been primarily disseminators of ideas, and have made it their aim to interpret the thought of France to herself and to the world. Here their likeness ends. Brunetière and Faguet were essentially critics, critics of life, but of life as reflected in literature, austere, erudite to the point of pedantry, paying to the muse of criticism a stern and puritan devotion. To Lemaitre and Anatole France, ironists and impressionists—two "epicureans of the decadence"—criticism was a light o' love with whom they spent agreeable hours amid "les songeries malsaines et les dilettantismes dissolvents," but who was far from monopolizing their activities or their affections.

* * *

THERE is nothing to compare with Faguet's energetic pursuit of criticism except, perhaps, Southey's devotion to letters in general. His output was enormous. "For more than thirty years," he wrote in 1903, "I have written absolutely nothing except criticism. Some verses between my eighteenth and thirtieth years (they were very bad), some opening chapters of novels which bored me so much that I convinced myself that it was unlikely they would amuse others—that is all which I discover in my past, except for this invading and overflowing criticism. There has not been a single year when, either in books or in articles or in unpublished notes, I have not written matter for three or four volumes of criticism." And he said on another occasion that he could never see a book without wishing to read it, or read one without making notes about it, or glance at his notes without desiring to work them up into a coherent account of the book he had read. Such a confession is portentous and terrifying. When one looks at a list of Faguet's books, one wonders how a man who wrote so much ever found time to read. I have not read them all—I believe that nobody except himself ever did—but M. Victor Giraud assures us that many of them may safely be neglected, and that a perusal of some forty volumes is enough for an understanding of one of the most completely intellectual lives of our time.

* * *

WHAT is the value of these forty volumes? We have Faguet's own considered judgment of them. When Petit de

Julleville was bringing out his great "Histoire de la Littérature Française," he assigned to Faguet the chapter on contemporary criticism. Here is his estimate of himself:—

"M. Faguet was and still is above all a 'University' critic. Very classical, and thought by some to be too exclusive, if not narrow, in his preferences . . . he is generally admitted to have a rather notable gift for analyzing the general ideas and general tendencies of an author, and then systematizing them with force and clearness; and if these studies are not portraits they are at least well 'prepared' and well adjusted skeletons. Less picturesque than Taine, he is clearly his pupil, and this Taine perceived. What he refuses to do, probably because he lacks the art, is to combine wholes, to discern the general spirit of an age, to follow the sinuous lines of filiations and influences, in a word, to present general ideas in literature and the spirit of literary laws. He affects not to believe in them, and, as is nearly always the case, his scepticism is doubtless a rather perfunctory confession of incapacity. Moreover, he is laborious, conscientious, and fairly methodical, and these qualities have enabled him to render appreciable services to students of literature, who form the public which he has always had in view."

* * *

THIS candid appreciation is accurate in what it says, though it leaves a good deal unsaid. It differentiates Faguet from the three other critics I have mentioned. He has not the humor, animation, elegance, or sympathy of Lemaitre and Anatole France, but he has far more conscience, and his judgments are more objective and less personal preferences. And he is free from that desire to bring everything into a system, to sum up a century in a formula, which Brunetière carried to extreme lengths. "System," Faguet wrote, "is an idea in the minds of those who are not capable of having many, or a passion in those who are incapable of thinking except what they feel." His aim was to be a reflecting medium, and he thought consistency, either in a man or in an epoch, could only be purchased at the cost of truth. In all this Faguet was opposed to Brunetière, but, without being a mere traditionalist, he accepted much of the latter's reverence for the past and for judgments consecrated by tradition. In the impressionism of Lemaitre and Anatole France, he saw nothing but literary anarchy. Compare his definition of criticism with Anatole France's "adventures of the soul among masterpieces," or Lemaitre's frank admission that it is a record of personal preferences. For Faguet, criticism is "a gift of living an infinite number of other lives with that self-conscious clearness which is only possible to him who is strong enough to detach himself from himself as to look like another person into his own soul."

* * *

IN spite of his feeling for tradition, Faguet could be, on occasion, quite as independent as any of his impressionist colleagues. This was shown by his book on the eighteenth century. For a University professor, not merely to disparage, but to denounce Voltaire and his age as shallow, insincere, and unintelligent, was like a priest turning atheist. The book created something like a scandal, and was denounced on all sides as a bundle of impudent paradoxes. Think of the effect on the orthodox Voltairean scepticism of such a verdict as this on the period of light and reason:—

"Neither Christian nor French, it had a very singular character for an age that came after five or six centuries of national civilization and culture; it was new, primitive, and crude. Tradition is the experience of a people; it lacked tradition and hated it. Accordingly, and it is in this that it has so great an interest, it was a childish, or, if you wish, an adolescent period. It had the enthusiasm of youth, the indiscreet ardor, the curiosity, the intemperance, the verbiage, the presumption, the heedlessness, the lack of gravity and steadiness, the smuttness, and also a certain generosity, goodness of heart, facility for tears, fondness for the melting mood, and, finally, that instinctive optimism which feels that happiness is close at hand, believes itself always on the point of seizing it, and is perpetually possessed by its need, its certainty, and its impatience."

We cannot imagine a heated controversy aroused in this country by such a book. That so voluminous a writer, with so pedestrian a style, should have found so many readers—my copy of his book on the nineteenth century belongs to the thirty-fourth edition—is a proof that we are a long way behind our neighbors in what Faguet himself called "the culture of ideas." We shall only come into line with them by a revival of criticism.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE SECRET OF PARRELL.

"Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir." By his Brother,
JOHN HOWARD PARRELL. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

DEAR is the tribute of uncritical affection. Parnell has been the subject of many memorials—by his widow, by many friends and associates, and in one of the best biographies in the English language. His elder brother's reminiscences of him add some strokes of homely color, leaving the portrait as it was before. Most of these complementary touches are of childhood and youth. "When very young," says Mr. John Parnell in this pleasant book, "he had dark brown hair, a pale complexion, very dark brown and very piercing eyes." This little sketch might stand for a portrait of Parnell at any stage of his manhood during his years of fame. He was obviously a very wilful and very attractive child. He fought an early battle for breeches as against petticoats, and having won it, carried the war into the hostile country by refusing to wear boots. "One of poor Charley's most poignant griefs in his tender years was the frequent loss of his nightcap. His roars were incessant until it was found and safely fixed on his head." As he grew older, pride, emulation, and passion to rule grew with him. "He loved to lead in games." He would obey his head-master, ignoring the under-masters. He denounced one such teacher and his methods, "his face aflame with passion, and his mouth twitching nervously." Neither at school nor at the University did Parnell ever learn to write well or to read books. Thus the greatest of Irish statesmen knew nothing of Irish history or merely learned it in the process of making it. It is not doubtful that beneath this vein of wilfulness lay reserves of tender feeling. Mr. John Parnell does not disguise the younger man's self-absorption and the slavery under which he lay to the imperial "Charley." But when the elder brother nearly died in a bad railway accident in America, the younger disregarded his own injuries, and nursed him with incessant devotion. His earlier intellectual interests were scientific, with a bent to fortune-hunting and estate management, and so they remained to the end of his life. "Gold, sport, and the applied sciences," said Mr. Redmond of him at a later period, "were his subjects out of Parliament." A seeming contradiction revealed itself in his nature, for this prosaic man, who could not quote a line of poetry correctly, who spent his leisure hours in grubbing for minerals on his estate, and whose personal bravery could not be denied, was beset by superstitious fears—of the color green, of the number 13 (he would not allow the amended Land Act to go out with 13 clauses in it), of the breaking of glass, and of the month of October, in which he died; and it does not surprise one to find John recording an after-death visit of Charles to his bedside, with the collar of his overcoat turned up, as was Parnell's custom in life. With a persistent eccentricity of habit, he was just mad enough to fit the old proverb about genius, and yet to retain command and self-command. Nature furnished him with a shield to passion—for he was ice without and fire within; and gave, too, to an uncompanionable nature the attraction of masterfulness. Thus, as this memoir abundantly shows, Parnell gained affection without seeming to seek it. He had one vehement love-affair with an American girl, who jilted him and bitterly regretted it. Mr. John Parnell thinks that the earlier influence of Fenianism was not strong, and that pique with the British Government for abstracting the militia uniform in which he wished to appear at a Castle "function" helped to kindle the flame which burned so long in that formidable breast. But the influence of mother and sisters must have counted as well. The Parnell household contained at least four born rebels, and the greatest of them all breathed a congenial air.

Apart from these and similar useful additions to the early life of Parnell, Mr. John Parnell's memoir is not of commanding interest, and much of its material may be found more profitably in Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Life." But the book revives the immense curiosity about him which no amount of characterization will satisfy.

For, indeed, he was the greatest among the great. His head towers, even when measured against the loftiest of the sons of men. What gave him his peculiar power? Intellectual training? No; his was of the slightest. Long experience? His life was short and its end bitter. Greatness and resonance of utterance? His style was thin; and though his voice was of a low, thrilling cadence, its utterance halted and lacked most of the ornaments of speech. Diligence? Save for short and disconnected periods of his life, he was not a constant worker. Subtlety of intellect? Subtle he was; but his ways were direct, and their expression was simple. His force lay in the sagacity of his judgment and the unbending firmness of his will, instructed by an instinct as sure as that of a gifted woman. Mr. Barry O'Brien has well divined and illustrated these qualities, and it may be well to recapitulate them, now that Ireland has arrived at a new turn in her fate. Parnell was essentially a man of a fixed idea, which he conceived as a principle. The idea was that the nationality of Ireland must be impressed on the British Parliament and people by means which were essentially moral. In harmony with this general conception, he thought himself entitled to use physical force, and with it the Irish-American power, as a warning, though not as a weapon. The extreme policy—absolute separation—he rejected. The extreme method—war or a campaign of outrage—he also discountenanced. But he treated the situation between the two countries as essentially one of combat. For that reason he never courted or flattered, or even appealed to the opinion of his antagonist. He confined himself to showing England exactly what war meant with an extremely quick-witted, ingenious, and resourceful race devoid of the means to claim its national rights in the field. His place of action was the House of Commons, and he began with one follower, the most unpleasing he could choose, and ended as the commander-in-chief of a nation. But he did not claim too much for mere Parliamentary action, or try to charm or to please, or to convince by mere argument, or to use any tactic that his more eloquent predecessors had employed, or that seemed specially suited to the emotions or the intellects of his hearers. He merely showed them what a revolting nation could do in the way of defeating or hindering their own political aims and exposing the incompleteness of their moral claims. Primarily, his attack was on Liberalism, which wanted certain things that could not be got in face of a hostile Ireland. But his great deployment of force touched the springs of Imperial government, whatever party held them, or thought it held them, in its hands.

He won and lost. Never was so swift a resurrection of national force, long discouraged and dispersed. Parnell beat us. In ten years he had the two great British parties outbidding each other for his favors. He had, as he said, an Irish Parliament in the hollow of his hand. He let it slip (for his lifetime) partly by his own fault, for pride was of his nature in manhood as in boyhood, and partly, maybe, because the Titan's strength is measured, and the individual genius fails to grapple with old-established ills. His method cannot be renewed; it was peculiar to his time and genius, and the substantial fruits of his policy are such as to render a return to it unnecessary. But his character and his power of personality were such that no record of statesmanship can ever be complete which fails to take complete account of them. He stands alone, in the magician's art of creating and marshalling forces where none seemed to exist, and directing them to an end that no one designed or imagined half as clearly as he. His fall* gave poetry to an inexpressive but potent personal attraction; touching his haughty carriage with fresh mystery, and quickening the always rather tragic impression of his personal beauty. But his career was essentially a plain and fruitful one. He showed what a nation could do against a great Empire, when the Empire happened to be in the wrong.

H. W. M.

* See Lady Wilde's poem, appropriately placed at the opening of Mr. Parnell's volume:—

"Oh! he stands beneath the sun, the glorious *Fated One*,
Like a martyr or conqueror, wearing
On his brow a mighty gloom—be it glory, be it doom—
The shadow of a crown it is bearing."

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

"Joseph Conrad." By HUGH WALPOLE. (Nisbet. 1s. net.)

MR. CONRAD is an author who attracts us like a house which we have been told is haunted. He is uncannily in touch with mysteries. He might conceivably have written wonderful books as a pure realist: he loves to communicate knowledge of the world as well as to summon spirits out of the sea. But what distinguishes him from all the other storytellers of our time is his power over these spirits. It is this that relates his work, as Mr. Walpole seems to suggest, to the work of Coleridge and the Brontës. They are all houses of ghosts. They thrill us by their atmosphere rather than by events. One knows the kind of day on which the air is said to be "surcharged with electricity." It is the kind of day which fills one with curious expectations, half-dread, half-wonder. It is impossible to read Mr. Conrad's best work without becoming a victim to anticipations of this sort. "Heart of Darkness" is full of them, and so is "The Secret Sharer." There are spirits loose both in "Chance" and "Victory." Each of these books is a dark night with its mysteries. There is little of the cheerful and temperate day in Mr. Conrad's art.

It seems to us that Mr. Walpole has scarcely had the patience to examine or define Mr. Conrad's secret. He speaks, in an odious phrase, of Mr. Conrad's atmosphere as being "potential"; and he goes on to give as an example of what he means:—

"In 'Lord Jim' the contrast of Jim with the officers of the 'Patna' is a contrast not only immediately vital and realized to the very fringe of the captain's gay and soiled pyjamas, but also potential to the very limits of our ultimate conception of the eternal contrast between good and evil, degradation and vigor, ugliness and beauty."

The meaning of this—the blend, in Mr. Conrad, as in so many fine novelists, of the realist and the romanticist—is simple enough. But there is more in Mr. Conrad's "atmosphere" than this. There is in it something of the sheer delight in the ghostly and the macabre, which we find in Edgar Allan Poe. Perhaps it is because he does not sufficiently appreciate this element in Mr. Conrad's genius that Mr. Walpole regards with so much doubt the three villainous characters in "Victory." He is troubled by the "divorce from reality" in "the more fantastic characters of Mr. Jones and Ricardo, in the presence of the Orang-outang, and in other smaller and less important effects." He might as justly be troubled by the divorce from reality in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or "The Ancient Mariner," or "Peer Gynt." We do not mean that "Victory" is an artistic achievement comparable to any of these masterpieces. It is not even one of Mr. Conrad's masterpieces. At the same time, these three grotesque villains are perfectly legitimate creations. They are not of the actual world as seen by a science professor's eye, but they are of the actual world as seen in the glass of fantastic humor. From another point of view they are a part of the never-ending nightmare which, in Mr. Conrad's philosophy, afflicts the earth, and amid which the heroism of man is seen as a gleam of beauty—a triumphant gleam, even if the hero perish. With their invention Mr. Conrad introduced a new sensation—a queer dance-of-death humor—into English literature. One may jeer at them as puppets and painted faces, but unquestionably they have a life of their own in the imagination.

Mr. Conrad, indeed, is the creator of a new imaginary world beyond most of his contemporaries. Other novelists are absorbed in ideas—and a very good thing to be absorbed in, too!—or in causes, or in facts. Mr. Conrad lives in the imagination, and is as free from the controversies of his time as an Elizabethan dramatist. He is a returned wanderer, brooding over the things he has seen. He is full of the memories of jungles and monstrous seas. He has beheld man—a queer little merrythought of bone and muscle—fighting in his eternal quarrel with the elements, and this controversy with the elements is almost the only one which interests him. In Mr. Conrad's work the elements are alive as they are in the work of few other writers. They pursue man like shrieking spirits. It is as though the world were repeopled with heathen gods. Mr. Conrad's view of the world is closely related to the religious view. One is always conscious of the presence of strange superhuman powers with

something like a will and soul of their own. It is Mr. Conrad's view, his imaginative view, of the world almost more than his creation of individual characters, that justifies Mr. Walpole in saying:—

"It is, finally, a world that Conrad offers us, not a series of novels in whose pages we find the same two or three figures returning to us—old friends with new faces and new names—but a planet that we know, even as we know the Meredith planet, the Hardy planet, the James planet."

It is the triumph of the imaginative artist to have created a world in this manner. How many contemporary novelists have done so? At the highest estimate, not more than three.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Walpole is inclined to over-estimate Mr. Conrad. We are warned that Mr. Conrad's characters are unduly solemn, and that his sentences are sometimes ponderous. Perhaps Mr. Walpole is just a little too severe on the characters. He says of McWhirr, the captain in "Typhoon," that "so blind is he to the meaning of the things that he has witnessed that he might as well have never been born." Surely, this is unduly to disparage heroism. Mr. Conrad, like most men of imagination, loves men for their great hearts rather than for their intellects, and McWhirr's fight against the storm justifies his existence as truly as Mr. Conrad's writing of "Typhoon" justifies his. We may admit that Mr. Conrad's captains are scarcely so interesting as the elements with which they contend. They are tongue-tied almost beyond the facts. But it seems to us that Mr. Walpole exaggerates Mr. Conrad's aversion to men of imagination. It is not because of his harsh philosophy that "the qualities in the human soul that Conrad most definitely admires are blind courage and obedience to duty." It is simply because, like Henry James, he has an invincible sense of moral values.

Among the interesting suggestions made by Mr. Walpole in the course of his criticism, one of the most original is that the form of "Chance" was chosen, not because of its subtlety, but because of its simplicity:—

"Mr. Henry James makes the mistake of speaking as though Conrad had quite deliberately chosen the form of narration that was most difficult to him, simply for the fun of overcoming the difficulties, the truth being that he has chosen the easiest, the form of narration brought straight from the sea and the ships that he adored, the form of narration used by the Ancient Mariner and all the seamen before and after him. Conrad must have his direct narrator, because that is the way in which stories in the past had generally come to him. He wishes to deny the effect of that direct and simple honesty that had always seemed so attractive to him. He must have it by word of mouth, because it is by word of mouth that he himself has always demanded it, and if one witness is not enough for the truth of it then must he have two or three."

This is interesting as a point of view. But how many readers of "Chance" can accept it? The present reviewer, for one, feels that Mr. Conrad wrote "Chance," not after the example of the "Ancient Mariner," but as a masterly student of Henry James. He desired to see life as it is reflected in mirrors within mirrors—a procession of aspects infinitely delightful to imaginative curiosity. No simple lover of the narratives of seamen would have so pursued hints and queeresses to their remotest reflections. "Chance" is the deliberate work of a connoisseur and artist.

One is surprised to find no reference to Henry James as one of the important literary influences in Mr. Conrad's work. Flaubert is mentioned, and Turgenev, and Dostoevsky. But it was from Henry James that Mr. Conrad learned to explore the surface of a trivial action until it began to give forth secrets like emanations. Mr. James, it is true, was more of a great "specialist" in his microscopical examinations. Mr. Conrad has infinitely more romantic subject-matter, and dreams and broods where Henry James would have examined. It is with perfect justice that Mr. Walpole devotes a chapter to an appreciation of Mr. Conrad as a poet. His imagination is essentially poetic—far more so than Mr. James's—and he constantly works upon the material of poetry. In spite of his poetic imagination, however, Mr. Conrad makes only a secondary appeal to the heart. He does not move our passions and affections as most of the great poets do. This alone would keep him from ever meaning to men and women nearly so much as, say, Dostoevsky. As Mr. Walpole puts it:—

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It is his rather contemptuous pity that makes Mr. Conrad for many readers a sinister author. They wonder whether they really like the man behind the books. They are a little afraid of him. His irony is as enigmatic to them as the smile of a Japanese. At the same time, he is no perverse philosopher or esthete. His literature is heroic literature. In "Typhoon," "Youth," and "The Secret Sharer" one is thrilled by the fine actions and by the splendid poetry of danger. Mr. Conrad shares with many contemporary authors a sense of the littleness of men. But he surpasses them all in his sense of men's daring in the presence of tempestuous doom.

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MR. LASCELLES is just the man to write about the New Forest, for he has been Deputy Surveyor of this and the other Hampshire Crown forests since within three years of the Act that finally settled its status. For a long time before 1877 this fine domain had been a shuttle-cock between two forces, the commoners and the Crown, the claims of the former being scarcely the less sovereign of the two. On the one hand, it was a place for woods of oak for the Royal Navy; on the other hand, a grazing ground and the subject of many other easements for those who lived within its precincts. In 1851, the commoners procured by Act of Parliament the removal of the deer, numbering then 6,000 head, and in return for that improvement in their grazing-rights, allowed the Crown to plant and keep enclosed 16,000 acres of wood at any one time, planting more, acre for acre, when woods grew up and fences could be removed from them.

For a time, says Mr. Lascelles, the arrangement seemed to satisfy all parties. It contented the commoners—"if, indeed, contentment has ever been known to that body." But shortly the paradox appeared that, with 6,000 deer gone, the grazing for the cattle was less than before. The deer had kept down the underwood and enlarged the lawns of grass on which the cattle fed, and now those lawns were shrinking. So the whole thing was brought into the melting-pot once more, and for a time it seemed very likely indeed that the area would be disafforested and made the subject of an Enclosure Act. But a new portent had arisen, dating, says Mr. Lascelles, from the Great Exhibition of 1851—the aesthetic movement, with a craving on the part of the public for beautiful open spaces. It was that, he says, that saved the forest, and brought about, as a compromise between three parties, the Act of 1877, with the amenities of the forest for the use of the public as its underlying principle.

As between the two older parties, Mr. Lascelles thinks, the commoners scored a "great victory." In fact, the Crown's right to plant was cut down to a mere 16,000 acres to be under trees at any one time, a restriction that has made forestry very difficult, and has robbed rather than endowed the aesthetic public. But that that public is not very easy to please is shown by the fact that even at this early date, 1875, it was making an outcry against the Commissioners of Woods for cutting down oak nearly two hundred years old, planted, of course, for the express purpose of being used when mature for the Royal Navy.

What the author says about this particular plantation of 1698 is very interesting. It sprang from acorns set in threes, a yard apart. Apparently the wood was never thinned. When the French professors of forestry from the school of Nancy came to see the result in 1885, they said that nowhere in Europe had they found pure oak woods with a larger quantity of cubic feet to the acre. It was but a remnant of the William III. plantation, about £150,000 worth having been cut in the early 'fifties. For the last

thirty years, Mr. Lascelles has been slowly thinning the remainder, and has all along found it getting more and more past its prime, so that those who cut it, in spite of much outcry, in 1875, did so "only just in time."

The Act of 1877 laid down a system of "sentimental forestry," by which under no circumstances can a single acre of plantation be wholly levelled or cleared. It is a fact that must be borne in mind by those inclined to criticize New Forest woods of the future. The only way out is, having thinned mature plantations as far as possible, to put a fence round and leave them to natural regeneration. The old stag-headed trees that are left will ensure uneconomic, if picturesque, gaps in the wood, and wily administrators of the Act are asking how soon they can take away these old trees and still leave "a sufficient number of the best trees" on the land.

It will be seen from the story of the William III. plantation that the life of the oak is short in the New Forest. Nevertheless, it is easily shown that those magnificent beeches that are the chief pride of our Forest are at least upwards of two hundred years old. Their pollard condition is at once their certificate and the secret of their long life. They are the remnants of mixed plantations perhaps four hundred years old, the oak having been picked out for the Navy. Under an ancient forest system it was a serious crime to cut a tree to the ground, but pollarding was almost universal. Pollarding in its turn was abolished by an Act of 1698, so that our ancient beeches are at least as old as that year. Mr. Lascelles says that their power of enduring until now was conferred by "their maltreatment in early life." The great hollies of the area have the same secret of longevity.

In many respects a new beginning dates within the administration of Mr. Lascelles. An amusing chapter tells how, at the abolition of the turnpikes, the Forest became almost roadless, the wily commoners having arranged that there should be no rates for the roads to come upon. By dint of lavish initiatory grants, the Crown induced most of the parishes to shoulder the responsibility, but one stalwart chairman might have held out till now (the hoot of a motor almost makes us wish he had) if he had not been swallowed up by a more amenable unit at the establishment of the County Councils.

It was in the 'eighties, too, that the deer began to recover from their extermination, and a unique form of sport was established for keeping them down. The stags are chased about by a couple of bloodhounds, till one sportsman or another, standing at a convenient point, gets a shot at them. We think we should prefer the quiet evenings of sport that the author describes in this frank and pleasant way:—

"I have spent some most enjoyable evenings in summer 'creeping' the woods for bucks with a rifle. The charm of the surroundings is so great—the silence, the calm beauty of the summer evening, with the brilliant, but tempered, rays of the setting sun slanting down through the heavy foliage, are so impressive, that, whether I met with success or not, I could not but be happy; while not the worst part was the ride home in the cool of the summer dusk, with the little fern owls following me."

In the same sweet but vigorous style, this rare writer tells us of the state of other sport in the Forest, of the wrangles between rival hunters of buck, fox, or hare, that he has had to smooth out, of the making and hunting of packs with which he has had to do, of notable runs, of picturesque sportsmen and witty whips. Then of all the other sports, down even to badger digging, of which he gives an almost plausible defence, of otter hunting, falconry, and shooting. Concerning this last, he shows that the Crown is good to sportsmen in the matter of pheasants reared and in other respects, and that a £20 licence to shoot in the Forest is a far better investment than a grouse moor. When we scan some of the bags, we cannot help thinking that it is so, and that some of the shooters are remarkably keen upon getting their money's worth. Two brothers who have been shooting there almost time out of mind, averaged together more than fifteen hundred head per annum during ten recent years. "They shoot the Forest three days a week on a regular system."

To read this book is very like chatting with a keen country gentleman whose life is one of unusual interest. "I have written it because it amused me to do so," he says. "Because it was pleasant in my old age to recount, before



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memory slips quite away, incidents of the best and happiest years of my life." It proves to have been quite the way to write a book that is full of the joy of our beautiful Hampshire wild.

ERCLES' VEIN.

"The Road to the Stars." By F. T. WAWN. (Nash. 6s.)
"Testore." By PAT CANDLER. (Dent. 6s.)

MR. WAWN has been encouraged by the reception accorded by the critics to his "allure" to write a kind of sequel to "The Masterdillo." The Masterdillo is a lady gymnast, who reincarnates the Greek ideal of physical perfection, is married to a blameless journalist, whom she calls "Master," and combines the extreme of captivating, bewildering sensibility with feats of masculine daring. The couple engage with a group of American millionaires to isolate and train to civilized behavior a motley and dissipated collection of their sons and daughters on a desert island. One of them, Perro, is one of those wan *littérateurs* (a word which still survives in America) of Baudelairean extraction:—

"I draw like Aubrey Beardsley, only much, much better! and the people who say I can't do a thing until I'm drunk are liars. Really, you mustn't be hard on me, dear master, for I'm quite naturally corrupt. I'm not a poseur."

Hero is a bedizened social butterfly of New York and a bovine and savage drinker. The woman's powers vary from bored egoism to discreet sensuality. Of course, all the characters benefit by their two months of simple life, hard and primitive as their conditions are:—

"Philida set out in her best attire, a beautifully-cut simple dress of cream cashmere, with white muslin open collar, sky-blue ribbon tie of velvet loosely knotted at the breast, sky-blue belt, and sleeves coming to her lovely wrists, with deep cuffs of white muslin. She wore cream-colored shoes with blue enamelled buckles, and stockings to match her shoes; and, if you please, the most fascinating hat of cream-colored straw with a band of sky-blue chiffon and a long, slender, cream-colored wing set at a dainty angle on the side of the crown. This creation came from Paris *via* Dover Street, and the dillo liked herself in it more than a little."

The pioneers of simplicity, after this drastic experiment, return to their cottage in Cornwall, their pupils dispersing to their previous activities. The rest of the book is occupied with a meaningless estrangement between the "dillo" and the "Master," with not a few opportunities for the author of "playing on the sensual strings." It is a great pity that Mr. Wawn should dissipate (in the double sense) his talents in these rude frivolities, because there are passages of alert observation and ready fancy which show him as a writer capable of less shoddy material.

"Testore" is "the romance of an Italian fiddle-maker," of course in the eighteenth century. It would not be untimely to enter a dignified protest against the constant misuse of the Age of Reason by the romantic novelist. It hardly occurs to any of them to go a little further back; if they do, the only theme which is known and legitimate is Drake. But what would that period of sanity, judgment, balance, and contempt of vagueness, extravagance, and tawdriness have thought of this capering fiddle-maker, with his scintillating sword-play, his mystical fustian, his cheap gallantry, and his way of landing himself in preposterous adventures without rhyme or reason? What would they have thought of his "Tarry not," "yeas," "methinks," "I trows," "of a truth," and the rest of this faded embroidery that was never more in the eighteenth century than it was in sea or land?

The Week in the City.

BOUYANT MARKETS.

There has been another general rise in stocks during the past week, and although the military news has certainly had a stimulating effect, the advance in quotations must be chiefly attributed to the scarcity of stock. Investment buying from the provinces continues to increase, while holders of American securities who have recently parted with them are steadily reinvesting in British securities. The following table shows how prices have risen since the middle of May:—

Name of Security.	Price, July 27.	Price, May 15.	Price, June 15.	Rise
Consols, 2½%	72½	57½	60 13-16	43-16
War Loan, 3½%	—	87½	89½	1½
War Loan, 4½%	—	94 13-16	96½	1 11-16
Bank of England Stock	248½	203½	214½	11½
Brazilian Government, 5%, 1913	80½	58	66½	8½
Japanese, 4%, 1910	75	68½	71	2½
Russian, 4½%, 1909	94	74½	80	5½
London and North-Western Rly.	125½	103½	107½	4½
Midland, Deferred	68½	61	63½	2½
Canadian Pacific, Common, \$100	179	184½	185	3
Grand Trunk, Ord. Stock	13½	10½	11 15-16	19-16
Do. Third Pref Stock	30½	24½	27½	3
Baltimore & Ohio, Common, \$100	79	91½	96½	5½
Denver and Rio Grand, Preferred Stock, \$100	9	24½	33½	9½
Erie, Second Pref. Stock, \$100	31	45½	49½	4½
Reading, Common, \$50	81½	94	109½	15½
Union Pacific, Common, \$100	156½	142½	144½	2½
Leopoldina Railway, Ord. Stock	49	38	39½	1½
San Paulo, Ord. Stock	229½	177½	191½	14
United States Steel, \$100	59½	87 9-16	90½	11-16
Brazil Traction, \$100	66	56½	63½	6½

One of the most remarkable results of the famine of stock is the rise in Consols, the reason being that since the Conversion into War Loan last year the floating supply of the "Premier Security" has disappeared. The highest point reached this week was 61½, but there was a little profit-taking on Wednesday and Thursday. The removal of the minima on Home Railway prior charges has naturally caused a large demand, and as the available supply of debentures and preferences seems to be nearly exhausted, the junior issues have come into prominence, including some of the preferred ordinary stocks and the best dividend-payers amongst the ordinary and deferred stocks. Russian stocks have been a strong feature on the notable successes of the Russian Armies on the Eastern Front.

BLEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The report for the year ended on March 31st last shows that this association has made a good recovery from the first effects of the war. During the last eight months of the previous financial year the dislocation of the Lancashire cotton trade and the difficulty of obtaining certain materials, especially chemicals, were serious obstacles, and profits naturally fell away. These difficulties have been surmounted, and the trading profits for the past financial year, at £674,900, are higher than ever before, while net profits, though not quite the highest recorded, amount to £416,400, as against £197,800 for the previous year. The ordinary dividend, which fell a year ago to 3 per cent., is raised to 6 per cent., the rate distributed in 1912-13 and 1913-14. A sum of £50,000 is placed to reserve, the same as a year ago, while the Fire Insurance Fund is credited with £15,800. After making these appropriations, the balance to be carried forward to the next account is £73,600 higher at £190,300. The outlook for the company is brighter than it was a year ago, now that the cotton trade has passed through the worst of its troubles, but the ordinary shares are quoted at just under 17s. 6d., at which they give a return of 26 17s. 2d. per cent.

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THE annual meeting of this Company was held on the 14th inst. at the Caxton Hall, S.W. Mr. J. Browne-Martin presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, stated that the item of £123,000 against stocks on hand—a larger amount than they had previously had to deal with—was accounted for by the additional price of wheat, owing to the war. Additions on capital account during the year had amounted to £12,300. In order to cope with their output, they had had to increase considerably their fleet of transport vehicles. Any of the shareholders who had seen the "Hovis Greys" about the streets would agree that they were not only serviceable vehicles, but were a constant advertisement. They had also purchased a mill at Haverhill, in Suffolk, and that investment had not only shown that it was likely to prove profitable, but it had already made a good return on the amount paid. Even in wartime they must not remain standing still, but must continue to build upon the foundation of the company that had been well and truly laid.

They had invested £10,000 in the War Loan Four and a Half per Cent. stock, and he felt sure they would agree that that was an investment they were in duty bound to make as a help to the country. That was not the only way, however, that they had helped, as they had set their faces against charging the full additional price for Hovis flour—the mainstay of their business—warranted by the price of wheat. He wished them to bear in mind that Hovis flour, considering its nutritive value, had been the cheapest food sold for months and months. Business motives as well as patriotic motives had made them consider the price they charged. The net profit on trading at £40,200 was less than a year ago, but a year ago the statement embraced practically six months of pre-war trade.

The report was adopted.

GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND FUND.

In connection with the above Fund a home has been opened at Ekaterinodar, which accommodates about forty little ones from three to twelve years old. There is a large playground and plenty of toys, and every effort is being made to bring happiness to these unfortunate little fugitives.

The deputation members of this Fund have done much to alleviate the acute distress of the refugees, but they are most anxious to make still further endeavor on this side to support the Fund in Russia.

With this view in end, Lady Byron is desirous of forming a sub-committee of young ladies who would be willing to give their occasional services to assist her in organizing entertainments. Communications should be addressed to the General Secretary, 95, Bedford Court Mansions, W.C.

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